

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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NEW YORK: SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

ONLY A SKIRT DANCER.

ESSRS. Hustle & Hardup, managers of the Jollity Theatre, were

deep in anxious consultation in their mysterious and inaccessible retreat under the stage of the famous temple of amusement which they control.

Business was bad at the Jollity Theatre; so bad, in fact, that they were behind in their salary list and had sent out to the newspapers a paragraph stating that the fire department had twice protested against the reckless over-crowding of the Jollity Theatre and now threatened to revoke the license of the house unless the fatally successful play, "Grandpa Jack," was withdrawn from its stage.

This paragraph was read by that eminent practical dramatist and astute observer, Mr. William Freelance and pronounced by him to be "the masonic signal of distress." Therefore Mr. Freelance dropped in to see his old friends, the theatrical *entrepreneurs* and found them, as described in the first paragraph of this story, deep in anxious consultation.

He received a hearty welcome, for he was not only a versatile and eminently practical dramatist, but a young man of infinite resource and experience as well.

"Billy" cried Mr. Hustle as he grasped the visitor's hand, "you're just the man we wanted to see. Take a seat on that zinc trunk and let us have your views on the situation."

"If I am not mistaken," observed Mr. Freelance, "you want something that can be produced on an unparalleled scale of magnificence and at an actual outlay of about nine dollars-and-a-half."

"Certainly not more than that," rejoined Mr. Hardup, gravely, "and we're particularly anxious to get something that will draw at least that amount into the house."

"Well, then, why in the world don't you take a look at the other theatres, see what their drawing features are and then give the same attractions here? What shows are pulling money now?"

"What shows?" said Mr. Hustle, "there's the 'Old Barnyard' at the Academy and the Agricultural Show across the street."

"Showing a distinct popular demand for bucolic art," interposed Mr. Freelance.

"And down on the Bowery they're packing the house to the doors with the Governor's Pardon, or Saved from an Electric Death. And



her do that dance of hers over her mother's coffin. She wants to introduce it in that scene where she swears to be revenged for her brother's death and have it billed on the programme and on the three-sheets as the 'Corsican Maiden's Dance of Vengeance.'

"Very well, we'll give her a part with all the dancing in it she wants," rejoined Mr. Freelance, pleasantly. "Borders is kicking, too, isn't he? What does he want?"

"About four hundred-and-fifty buck salary," remarked Mr. Hardup, gloomily.

"And is stuck on playing an old farmer and going out starring in a piece some fool has written for him called The Old Woodshed. Thinks he can make a fortune with it," added Mr. Hustle.

"Very well," continued Mr. Freelance making notes on a sheet of paper as he talked, "here's your plot and it won't take any time at all to fill in the dialogue. Meantime it'll keep Livingston and Borders quiet for they'll both be dead stuck on their parts. The first scene shows Livingston as a simple village beauty in the kitchen of the old farm-house up in New England.

There's stuff enough lying around the theatre to fake that scene up from so it won't cost you a cent. Borders is the old father and in the evening she does a dance for him that was taught her by her mother in happier days. A belated traveler stops with them, and sees her dance. He offers her a hundred cases a week to do the dance at his theatre, for he's a New York manager taking a vacation."

"How would it do," suggested Mr. Hustle, "to have the curtain go down on a tableau with Livingston taking the centre of the stage and exclaiming 'I'll follow you gladly to the end of the earth if you will pay railroad and hotel bills for my maid and my poodle dog?'"

"You don't want too much realism in this play," replied Mr. Freelance, "it's to be built on a poetic, ideal, romantic and, I may add, an economical plane. Well, the second act shows her in the great metropolis, standing on the Brooklyn Bridge at midnight—you've

theatre and do the dance. Then comes the climax."

"What's that does she try to cash the cheque at the bank and then do the Corsican Maiden's Dance of Vengeance?" asked Mr. Hardup.



"No, but she suddenly removes the black lace veil she wore during the dance and reveals herself to the villain, who is at once seized by two policemen. Then by a quick change she becomes a London Gaiety girl and the curtain goes down on a picture showing her doing a skirt dance and the policeman putting hand-cuffs on the villain in the background. What do you think of that for a play?"

Mr. Hustle looked at his partner and Mr. Hardup returned the look with a significant nod.

"And what do you propose to call the play?" asked the senior partner, who had been deeply impressed by the exciting plot as unfolded by the gifted dramatist.

"I should call it

FROM THE BARNYARD TO THE STAGE.
OR,
ONLY AN ORIGINAL LONDON GAIETY SKIRT
DANCER."

J. L. FORD.

THE REPRESENTATIVE.

Can. Times Evening Post, Jan. 17.
THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR is a clean, well-conducted and comprehensive publication. It is, in fact, the representative American theatrical paper.

THE HANDGLASS.

PROFESSOR HERMANN threatens to give a mystic representation of The Clemencian Case, and there are five and twenty lots out of engagements who are willing to mystify at cut rates.

FROM BROOKLYN.
He strode along the crowded street,
With dark and lowering mien,
With patent-leathered, lissome feet,
And manner of a Kean.
Grim purpose on his brow was writ,
His collar was of fur;
But he couldn't act a little bit—
He was an amateur!

NATURALLY.

"I HEAR that the profession is delighted with the picture, 'The Ghost Scene from Hamlet' recently presented to the Actors' Fund."

"Yes, they say one can almost see the ghost walk."

Some one has discovered that Blue Jeans translated means severally, in—
New York, Blue Jeans.
Indiana, Blue Jeens.
France, Bleu Jeanne.
Germany, Bleu Yahn.
Russia, Blukovitch Janovitch.
Spain, Blahestajen.
Norway, Blusveek Jensen.
Hindostan, no record.
Wales, Bleisteddodellalanaffdyn.
Italy, Blaccitaccichechianti.

An article in a Sunday paper telling how different actors study parts, omitted to mention the methods of several well-known Thespians, two of which we subjoin.

"How do I study a part?" said Edward Sothern, who was discovered in his room ensconced amid rose pink cushions and attire in a dainty brocaded dressing gown. "I do not study them at all. I throw myself up against a part, metaphorically, as though it

were a page of Browning that I wanted to understand; after that I trust to luck and the prompter. But pardon me, I must resume my breakfast. You'll have one with me, won't you?" and he waved his hand gaily towards a plate of muffins, while an electric tablet on the wall fell into place, displaying the words, "This is my busy day."

Francis Wilson was discovered in his dressing-room with a powder puff in one hand and a bottle of Milwaukee in the other. He gave a delirious laugh when the reporter entered. "Why, my dear boy," he said, "I never study. I just go on, and say any little thing that occurs to me. You've noticed that I am somewhat disconnected at times, have you not? Well, you see that's the benefit of having one's own company. I do all the kicking myself." And he looked significantly at the door through which the reporter vanished.

BJUNIS.—"I see Wayoffe is starring in the play, *Our Flat*."

BJUNIS.—"Playing the title role, I presume."

MRS. KENDAL's daughter is accused of writing the following stanzas. It is to be hoped that the charge cannot be substantiated.

The sea was dark and cloudy
The wind was blowing wildly
And then I saw my darling
Coming in the distance

I kissed him, he kissed me

Next week I was on the beach
I was married to my darling
And we kissed each other like of old
We were so happy when we thought
of olden times when we were young

Years past, and we were happy
Like before. But one dark
Night, my love was ill,
She had the whooping cox
And when the doctor came
Alas she was dead.

Then Harry on his knees he went
And prayed that he should follow her
He died, and after many years
He met and they played
In heaven and thought of
Olden times when they met on the beach
and kissed each other when
Not Married.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

MR. SAYMUS (*to Opera Queen*).—"You are like a lily of the field. You toil not neither do you spin."

OPERA QUEEN (*slightly offended*).—"Then you haven't seen my dance in the last act."

JAMES OWEN O'CONOR's Chicago audiences are searched as they enter the theatre for fear that they may have tired eggs, weary vegetables or deceased cats concealed about their persons.

THE author of the Japanese play, produced some time ago, is at present suffering from nervous prostration. The audience had only recovered when the author was stricken.

WINGLETS.—"I hear that Rahinter is having full houses over in Williamsburg."

FOOTLIGHT.—"Very probable. Like attracts like, you know."

A MILE A MINUTE, the play soon to be produced, is supposed to be a burlesque on the post-office special delivery system.

"I wish I were an asp" said Staggeract. "Why so?" asked his friend Lonesum.

"Because then there would be some chance of my getting an engagement."

FIVE living ostriches were features of last Sunday's "sacred" concerts.

PROVIDENCE is a long way from New York. A young man lectured there the other night on "The difficulty with the Theatre," and opened his remarks by saying that he had only been once in his life to see a play and that was The Old Homestead.

FAR THE BEST.

Mil and Wisconsin, Jan. 1.
THE MUSK is by far the best publication of its kind in the country.

there's a London Gaiety Skirt Dancer on every block—"

"And a Spanish tango going on every other block," said Mr. Hardup.

"Very well," exclaimed the dramatist, "what you must do is bring out a piece introducing all these features that are filling the theatres all over town. The play should also be written to fit the requirements and limitations of the theatre and the exigencies of the moment."

"What do you mean by the exigencies of the moment?" asked Mr. Hustle.

"Salaries chiefly, secondly the personal tastes of the artists. To begin with there is my charming friend, Miss Pearl Livingston, making a great row because you've owed her five hundred dollars since last season and also because she can't do that dance of hers."

"The infernal cat" cried Mr. Hustle excitedly. "I believe she'd kick it if they didn't let

got that set in stock—practising the dance. Now the villain appears in the person of a rival manager who tries to tempt her to break her contract and play with him. He says he will be ruined if she refuses. She declines his offer and then comes the great sensational scene. The manager throws her off the Bridge but she catches on the cable net-work and is saved. He thinks she is dead and goes off to spread the news. The next act shows the theatre on the night, announced for her debut. The news of her death has advertised the house, and it's packed to the doors because her own manager has announced that by special arrangement he has secured Signorita Boneo, the famous dancer from the Tarantula Theatre in Madrid.

The rival manager has been invited to sit in a box and see the show and you have a splendid scene with a group of Spanish matador players. She does the dance so beautifully that the rival manager becomes wildly enthusiastic, climbs over the edge of the box to the stage and offers her a cheque for five hundred dollars if she'll come over to his

AT THE THEATRES.

Broadway.—*Guido Ferranti.*

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Simone Gesso..... Frederic Vroom
Bernardo Cavalcanti..... Beaumont Smith
Count Moranzone..... John A. Lane
Beatrice..... Minna Gale

Although Guido Ferranti—or The Duchess of Padua, as the author originally christened it—is decidedly modern in test and structure, the ingredients of the plot are time-honored.

Many of the favorite materials of the tragic drama of the good old days, when blood was spilled on the stage with much freedom and gusto; when the dagger, the poison cup, the headsman's axe and the black mask were regarded as essentials, and when the *dramatis personae* ramped and roared through five long and sanguinary acts, are resurrected in this play, which fairly steams with assassination, suicide, and other pleasant crimes.

There is neither puissance nor poetry in the dialogue of the new play that Mr. Barrett, with his admirable perseverance in producing new works presented on Monday night at the Broadway to an audience whose curiosity had been piqued by the jealous concealment of the author's identity. It is not "literary" in the highest sense, it is not the composition of a scholar or a poet. It is not the product of a large brain or a fervid fancy.

But on the other hand, the speeches—though betraying none of the rich imagery or the intellectual depth and subtlety that we have a right to expect in a play that claims rank as a genuine tragedy (a term that is often misapplied nowadays)—are dramatic and not without a forceful simplicity that carries weight, if not always conviction.

The piece is constructed more with a view to the accomplishing of certain telling effects than to the revelation of noble or natural phases of human character. Considered from this standpoint and judged by this aim, Guido Ferranti may be set down as a successful effort. While the hero and heroine act with little regard for consistency of truth, while their motives are occasionally hidden so completely as to defy discovery, while the threads of the story are sometimes tangled as hopelessly as the telegraph wires were tangled in this town on Sunday morning, it must still be frankly conceded that the movement of the plot is exciting as well as eccentric, and that from the beginning of the third act to the end of the play the interest is sustained without interruption.

In viewing Guido Ferranti we must discard the microscope and pull out the telescope, which, as Doctor Holmes tells us, is the only instrument wherewith we can expect to discern a new Order of Things.

Thus studied we are able to extract a modicum of enjoyment from its tense and turgid story, its rapid action and its melodramatic situations. Of sympathy we can give little, either to the guilty Beatrice or the vacillating Guido. There are fragmentary suggestions of many plays in the plot and personages, among which Hamlet, Louis XI. and Romeo and Juliet may be casually mentioned. It is noteworthy that the strongest features are located at these very points of resemblance.

Guido's father has been murderously ex-ecuted by Gesso, the aged and cruel duke of Padua, and the son makes a vow to avenge the crime—not, however, before he has conceived a passion for the duke's young wife, Beatrice. While he is declaring this love there is brought to him a dagger, sent by a faithful friend to remind him of his duty.

At night he goes to the portal of the duke's chamber, repenting his vow and determined only to leave a letter on Gesso's pillow apprising him that he has escaped death because the instrument of vengeance has chosen to be merciful. But Beatrice has done the bloody deed herself. To remove the barrier that keeps her from her lover she has plunged her dagger into the old sinner's breast as he slept beside her. But Guido does not take this act in good part. He revolts at the crime and shrinks from the woman who has sought to reach him by such desperate means. Beatrice pleads in vain. Then she is roused to resentment by his scorn. She summons the ducal guard; Guido is found with her blood-stained dagger in his hand and she accuses him of the murder.

Then ensues Guido's trial. The duchess strives to prevent him from speaking to the court in his own defense, but the majesty of the law prevails and she is silenced. Then Guido, instead of denouncing his fierce and unscrupulous accuser, proclaims himself guilty.

The last act occurs in the prison. Guido awaits the hour of execution. Beatrice enters his dungeon, drinks poison to expiate her crime, and bids him fly with the disguise that she has brought him. Guido refuses. The guard approaches to lead him to the scaffold. He learns that Beatrice has drunk from the fatal cup and he plunges a dagger into his heart and the lovers die together.

Guido and Beatrice are a curious pair of lovers. He shrinks from her because she commits the murder that he had made up his mind to do himself; she falsely accuses him,

because her pride is stronger than her love, he makes a false confession at the moment when her colossal cruelty has goaded him to a point when he is about to expose her guilt and perfidy, she grows penitent, tries to save him from the headsman, first setting her own fate, and he dies embracing the woman whose love had changed to hate and then again to love!

Could illogical inconsistency go further than this? Loves that grow hot and cold in this extraordinary manner under the pressure of external circumstances are neither compatible with the attributes of tragic heroes nor in keeping with the laws of human conduct.

Mr. Barrett, in Guido, had the lesser part of the two. He looked youthful and he played with earnestness and intensity, but his reading as usual was marked with distressing haste, misleading emphases, and false intonations. In the fourth act, before the Paduan tribunal, he was at his best, for here his elocution was distinct and forcible and his action effectively dramatic.

Miss Gale was overweighted as Beatrice, which is a long and trying part, filled with outbursts of passionate, fiery declamation. Her appearance was decidedly beautiful, however, and considering the requirements of the character, it may be said that she came nearer to giving a satisfactory representation than her previous performances gave us reason to expect.

Mr. Vroom followed the lines of Irving's Louis, as the Duke of Padua, and he managed to give a graphic picture of the cruelty and cunning of the old tyrant. Mr. Smith was a dignified Lord Justice and Mr. Lane made what he could out of the small part of the impulsive Moranzone. The other characters were little more than lay figures.

Guido Ferranti offered no scope for elaborate scenic embellishment, but it was carefully mounted, nevertheless.

Bijou.—*The Nominee.*

A farce comedy in three acts, adapted from the French of Alexandre Bisson. Produced Jan. 29. Jack Medford..... Nat C. Goodwin
Leopold Binion..... Paul Arthur
Colonel Murray..... Lindsay Hurst
Porter Vane..... John H. Browne
Mabel Medford..... Mabel Amber
Mrs. Van Barclay..... Margaret Fitzpatrick
Rosa Van Barclay..... Grace Kimball
Annie Harrington..... Annie Sutherland
Pete..... Stewart Allen

THE VIPER ON THE HEARTH.

A farce in one act, by J. M. Campbell. John Baxendale..... Nat C. Goodwin
John Lyvard..... Robert G. Wilson
George Heriot..... J. H. Browne
Ethel Lyvard..... Grace Kimball
Heskett Price..... Mabel Amber

Nat Goodwin, who has not been seen in this city for several seasons, received a hearty welcome from a host of admirers, who gathered at the Bijou on Monday night to attend his metropolitan production of The Nominee.

The substance of the piece is not exactly a novelty here. M. Cognelin appeared in the original French version, called *Le Député de Bombignac*, and Charles Wyndham caused considerable amusement in an extremely clever angloized edition known as *The Candidate*.

An effort has been made in the present adaptation to Americanize the plot and characters, but the result cannot be said to accord with the customs of American politics. Moreover, the spirit of burlesque that Mr. Goodwin infused into everything he did and said in the course of the performance, made serious criticism an impossibility.

It is frankly claimed on the programme that the sole object of the piece is to amuse and excite laughter, not a very lofty object, to be sure, but one that was certainly accomplished.

Mr. Goodwin personated Jack Medford to the fullest limit of farcical license. But even in the broadest farce it is just as well to keep up the dramatic illusion. The explanatory asides of Jack Medford at the family breakfast, in the first act, should hardly be shouted across the table in a voice as if they were addressed to the guests at a public banquet. It would also be in the line of improvement to eliminate some of the coarse slang introduced in the dialogue. Taken all in all, however, Mr. Goodwin made a humorous hit in the character, a fact that was duly emphasized by the audience calling on him for a speech after the final curtain.

Lindsay Hurst and John H. Browne were acceptable in their respective roles of Colonel Murray and Porter Vane.

Margaret Fitzpatrick gave a conventional portrayal of a nagging mother-in-law, and Mabel Amber was a trifle too-eloquent in the amiable and lenient wife.

Annie Sutherland offered a realistic character sketch of a blackmailing adventuress, and Grace Kimball was satisfactory as Rosa Van Barclay.

The performance ran with gratifying smoothness, the play having had the advantage of previous representations in other cities.

A one-act play, with the dime-novel title of The Viper on the Hearth, preceded The Nominee. It served ostensibly to display Mr. Goodwin's ability to reproduce the Yorkshire dialect. His method was so unexpectedly

serious, and his make-up so deceiving, that he was not recognized at all by many in the audience, especially as there was some delay in the distribution of the programmes.

The plot deals with the machinations of Heskett Price to separate her step-sister, Ethel Lyvard, from George Heriot, in order to secure him for herself. Ethel is thus induced to set her wedding-day with John Baxendale, who loves her with all the intensity of his honest nature. A letter from George to Ethel that Heskett has intercepted, and carelessly dropped on the stage, serves its usual purpose of setting matters right, and John joins the hands of the loving couple to slow music.

The compression of the plot made the succession of incidents rather absurd, as there was no time to lead up to them with anything like artistic illusion. The cast was up to the requirements of the piece.

Star Park.—*A Straight Tip.*

A farce act farcical comedy by John J. McNally. Produced Jan. 29.

Dick Dasher..... Dennis Dolan	James T. Powers..... John Sparks
Kitty Dolan..... Buelin Dolan	Emma Hanley..... Emma Stowe
Almer Hawkins..... Richard Gorman	Jack Potson Poole..... Peter F. Daly
Daisy Dazzle..... Delta Stacy	

James T. Powers, or "Jimmy" Powers, as the public of the Casino were wont to call their favorite singing comedian, appeared, on Monday evening, at the New Park Theatre, in a new play by John J. McNally.

Apparently, Mr. McNally has no very high estimation of Mr. Powers' peculiar gifts, for the vehicle he has provided him with to show them off is more remarkable for the incoherence of its plot and the number of its antediluvian jokes and Bowery "gags" than any real merit, literary or otherwise.

A Straight Tip made the public laugh, however, and it will probably put plenty of dollars into the pockets of the star. There is no story to interest the spectator, but there is plenty of rough-and-tumble fun, catchy music, pretty girls, and, as we said before, a number of old jokes which the farce-comedian gets off in his best style.

Mr. Powers is surrounded by several clever people—among others John Sparks, Emma Hanley, Richard Gorman, Peter F. Daly and F. T. Ward. The business of imitating a woman dressing her hair, which Mr. Powers was so fond of introducing at the Casino, is featured as a novelty in A Straight Tip.

The three acts are provided with effective scenery. The settings and business in act II. give a vastly better representation of a race-track than those in other and more ambitious plays do.

Mr. Powers essayed an imitation of Carmenita in the last act which was not altogether happy. It was a libel on the pearl of Seville.

People's.—*Hazel Kirke.*

The revival of Hazel Kirke drew a crowded house to the People's Theatre on Monday night last.

Effie Ellis as Hazel Kirke acted her part with all the emotional power for which she has won so much praise in the past, and was honored with curtain calls after each act.

C. W. Colcord reappeared as Dunstan Kirke, and received a perfect ovation. Frank Weston gave an excellent personation of Aaron Rodney, and Adolphe Lestina made a decided hit as Pittacus Green. Clifford Dempsey looked handsome and manly as Arthur Carrington.

Lillian Daly was seen to advantage as Dolly Dutton. Loula Porter was equally pleasing as Mercy Kirke. The rest of the cast were competent.

Next week, After Dark.

Standard.—*Claudius Nero.*

The spectacular drama of Claudius Nero came back to New York on Monday night. It is now under the management of W. A. Brady, and may be seen throughout the current week at the Standard Theatre. Wilton Lackaye appeared in his original role of Nero, and Alice Fischer was again seen to advantage in the part of Agrippina. Marie Rene played the character of Acte in a graceful and telling manner. All the minor roles were in competent hands and the supernumeraries were well drilled.

The specialties introduced were the lions, a very wonderful exhibition of feats of strength and of tableaux vivants by the Marks Brothers, and some excellent dancing by Madame Gilbert and a troupe of coryphées.

Song Pastor's.—*Variety.*

Tony Pastor's, through the timely forethought and liberality of its management, still continues to offer to the patrons of the theatre a most amusing and entertaining variety bill. The one presented this week is particularly good from top to bottom, and was evidently greatly appreciated by the large audience present on Monday night.

Ryan, the xylophone player, gave a grotesquely comic performance. Delhaizer, the wonderful man-frog, was as frog-like as ever. The St. Felix Sisters were pretty and graceful in their dancing specialties, and Edwin French in negro songs and banjo solos was

reminiscent of the palmy days of minstrelsy—the days when the banjo was a favorite.

Fielding did some clever feats in juggling and John E. Drew was very funny in his eccentric Irish character sketches. The Glimmerettes, a troupe of acrobats, called forth much applause.

Maggie Cline's songs brought down the house, and the pantomimists, the Lorellas, wound up the performance with a ludicrous exhibition of a stage trick called Decapitation, the simple *dénouement* of which should cause Herrmann to blush with envy.

It must not be forgotten that Tony Pastor appears at every performance. His songs are always jolly and topical and funny, and, on being thrice recalled on Monday evening, he gave the audience "The Same Old Lie," with great effect.

Jacobs'.—*Money Mad.*

Steele Mackaye's popular melodrama Money Mad, was received on Monday night at Jacobs' Theatre with plentiful signs of approval by a large audience.

Kate Tongay, Marie Dronah, Hugh Wallace, Charles B. Harford and Ben Hendricks repeated their former success, and the character of Aunt Phyllis, the negro servant, was very cleverly drawn by Mary Bird.

Margaret Bradford as Kate O'Neil was graceful, but her acting was at times rather feeble, and Louis N. Glover was only moderately successful as the villain Cary Haskins.

The drawbridge and moving steamboat in the fifth act provoked rapturous applause.

Academy.—*The Old Homestead.*

The revival of The Old Homestead at the Academy on Monday night attracted a large audience, and the play was received with old-time enthusiasm.

Dennison Thompson received a hearty welcome as Joshua Whitecomb, and Daniel Fitzpatrick was very amusing as the tramp Happy Jack, the part formerly played by Walter Gale.

The Old Homestead Double Quartette was repeatedly encored.

Grand.—*The Dark Secret.*

That the aquatic drama has not dampened public interest in "tank" exhibitions was manifested by the size of the audience at the Grand Opera House on Monday night. The Dark Secret was the attraction and was given with all its realistic appurtenances.

In the cast were Joseph Mason, Hudson Liston, E. B. Tilton, Belle Stoddard, Blanche Milton, Charlotte Ray and Edith Tilton, all of whom were satisfactory.

Next week, Kate Claxton in a revival of The Two Orphans.

Windsor.—*A Midnight Bell.*

A large audience attended A Midnight Bell at the Windsor on Monday evening and seemed well pleased with the performance.

Richard Dillon looked and acted the part of Rev. John Bradbury quite cleverly.

George Richard was amusing as the Deacon, and James McIntyre, Percy Haswell and Marie Hart were all good in their respective characters.

Koster and Bial's.—*Vanderville.*

Camille De Mar made her first appearance at Koster and Bial's on Monday evening in the burlesque of O'Noro.

Annie Milnuth, Napier and Marzello, Alexandroff Brothers, are among the newcomers.

Carmencita is getting in good trim for the ball to be given in her favor at the Madison Square Garden next Friday evening.

At Other Houses.

Reilly and the 400 is "taking in the town" at Harrigan's.

The County Fair continues in prosperously session at the Union Square Theatre.

Poor Jonathan is still drawing large houses at the Casino.

Men and Women is in the zenith of its popularity at Proctor's Theatre.

Nerves is to remain the attraction at the Lyceum until the end of Lent.

Blue Jeans has not yet worn out its metropolitan welcome at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Rosina Vokes will give the last performance of The Silver Shield at the Madison Square Theatre on Saturday night. The return of Mr. Palmer's stock company will be inaugurated next week with the production of Sunlight and Shadow, the domestic comedy by R. C. Carton.

This is the last week of Beau Brummell at the Garden Theatre. Beau's Doll House will be presented at this house this (Wednesday) afternoon, with Beatrice Cameron as Nore.

The current week offers the last opportunity to see Jufah at Palmer's, as this artistic play is to be succeeded by the production of Joseph Hatton's drama, John Needham's Double next Monday night.

Mr. Crane's long occupancy of the Star will come to a close with the concluding per-

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The piece is constructed more with a view to the accomplishing of certain telling effects than to the revelation of noble or natural phases of human character. Considered from this standpoint and judged by this aim, Guido Ferranti may be set down as a successful effort. While the hero and heroine act with little regard for consistency or truth, while their motives are occasionally hidden so completely as to defy discovery, while the threads of the story are sometimes tangled as hopelessly as the telegraph wires were tangled in this town on Sunday morning, it must still be frankly conceded that the movement of the plot is exciting as well as eccentric, and that from the beginning of the third act to the end of the play the interest is sustained without interruption.

In viewing Guido Ferranti we must discard the microscope and pull out the telescope, which, as Doctor Holmes tells us, is the only instrument wherewith we can expect ever to discern a new Order of Things.

Thus studied we are able to extract a modicum of enjoyment from its tense and turgid story, its rapid action and its melodramatic situations. Of sympathy we can give little, either to the guilty Beatrice or the vacillating Guido. There are fragmentary suggestions of many plays in the plot and personages, among which Hamlet, Louis XI. and Romeo and Juliet may be casually mentioned. It is noteworthy that the strongest features are located at these very points of resemblance.

Guido's father has been murderously exacted by Gesso, the aged and cruel duke of Padua, and the son makes a vow to avenge the crime—not, however, before he has conceived a passion for the duke's young wife, Beatrice. While he is declaring this love there is brought to him a dagger, sent by a faithful friend to remind him of his duty.

At night he goes to the portal of the duke's chamber, repeating his vow and determined only to leave a letter on Gesso's pillow apprising him that he has escaped death because the instrument of vengeance has chosen to be merciful. But Beatrice has done the bloody deed herself. To remove the barrier that keeps her from her lover she has plunged her dagger into the old sinner's breast as he slept beside her. But Guido does not take this act in good part. He revolts at the crime and shrinks from the woman who has sought to reach him by such desperate means. Beatrice pleads in vain. Then she is roused to resentment by his scorn. She summons the ducal guard; Guido is found with her blood-stained dagger in his hand and she accuses him of the murder.

Then ensues Guido's trial. The duchess strives to prevent him from speaking to the court in his own defense, but the majesty of the law prevails and she is silenced. Then Guido, instead of denouncing his fierce and unscrupulous accuser, proclaims himself guilty.

The last act occurs in the prison. Guido awaits the hour of execution. Beatrice enters his dungeon, drinks poison to expiate her crime, and bids him fly with the disguise that she has brought him. Guido refuses. The guard approaches to lead him to the scaffold. He learns that Beatrice has drunk from the fatal cup and he plunges a dagger into his heart and the lovers die together.

Guido and Beatrice are a curious pair of lovers. He shrinks from her because she commits the murder that he had made up his mind to do himself; she falsely accuses him,

because her pride is stronger than her love; he makes a false confession at the moment when her colossal cruelty has goaded him to a point when he is about to expose her guilt and perfidy; she grows penitent, tries to save him from the headsman, first settling her own fate, and he dies embracing the woman whose love had changed to hate and then again to love!

Could illogical inconsistency go further than this? Loves that grow hot and cold in this extraordinary manner under the pressure of external circumstances are neither compatible with the attributes of tragic heroes nor in keeping with the laws of human conduct.

Mr. Barrett, in Guido, had the lesser part of the two. He looked youthful and he played with earnestness and intensity, but his reading as usual was marked with distressing haste, misleading emphases, and false intonations. In the fourth act, before the Paduan tribunal, he was at his best, for here his elocution was distinct and forcible and his action effectively dramatic.

Miss Hale was overweighted as Beatrice, which is a long and trying part, filled with outbursts of passionate, fiery declamation. Her appearance was decidedly beautiful, however, and considering the requirements of the character, it may be said that she came nearer to giving a satisfactory representation than her previous performances gave us reason to expect.

Mr. Vroom followed the lines of Irving's Louis, as the Duke of Padua, and he managed to give a graphic picture of the cruelty and cunning of the old tyrant. Mr. Smith was a dignified Lord Justice and Mr. Lane made what he could out of the small part of the impulsive Moranzone. The other characters were little more than lay figures.

Guido Ferranti offered no scope for elaborate scenic embellishment, but it was carefully mounted, nevertheless.

Bijou.—The Nominee.

A farce comedy in three acts, adapted from the French of Blanche Bignon. Produced Jan. 28.

Jack Medford..... Nat C. Goodwin
Leopold Buryon..... Paul Arthur
Colonel Murray..... Loring Hurst
Peter Vane..... John B. Henning
Mabel Medford..... Mabel Amber
Mrs. Van Barclay..... Margaret Fitzpatrick
Rosa Van Barclay..... Grace Kimball
Annie Harrington..... Annie Sutherland
Doris..... Stewart Allen

THE VIPER ON THE HEARTH.

An *anti-social* drama in one act, by J. M. Campbell.
John Bassendale..... Nat C. Goodwin
John Lyford..... Robert G. Wilson
George Heriot..... J. H. Browne
Ethel Lyford..... Grace Kimball
Mabel Price..... Mabel Amber

Nat Goodwin, who has not been seen in this city for several seasons, received a hearty welcome from a host of admirers, who gathered at the Bijou on Monday night to attend his metropolitan production of The Nominee.

The substance of the piece is not exactly a novelty here. M. Cognelot appeared in the original French version, called *Le Député de Rombignac*, and Charles Wyndham caused considerable amusement in an extremely clever anglicized edition known as *The Candidate*.

An effort has been made in the present adaptation to Americanize the plot and characters, but the result cannot be said to accord with the customs of American politics. Moreover, the spirit of burlesque that Mr. Goodwin infused into everything he did and said in the course of the performance, made serious criticism an impossibility.

It is frankly claimed on the programme that the sole object of the piece is to amuse and excite laughter, not a very lofty object, to be sure, but one that was certainly accomplished.

Mr. Goodwin personated Jack Medford to the fullest limit of farcical license. But even in the broadest farce it is just as well to keep up the dramatic illusion. The explanatory asides of Jack Medford at the family breakfast, in the first act, should hardly be shouted across the table in a voice as if they were addressed to the guests at a public banquet. It would also be in the line of improvement to eliminate some of the coarse slang introduced in the dialogue. Taken all in all, however, Mr. Goodwin made a humorous hit in the character, a fact that was duly emphasized by the audience calling on him for a speech after the final curtain.

Lindsay Hurst and John H. Browne were acceptable in their respective roles of Colonel Murray and Peter Vane.

Margaret Fitzpatrick gave a conventional portrayal of a nagging mother-in-law, and Mabel Amber was a trifling too-eloquent in the character, a fact that was duly emphasized by the audience calling on her for a speech after the final curtain.

Annie Sutherland offered a realistic character sketch of a blackmailing adventuress, and Grace Kimball was satisfactory as Rosa Van Barclay.

The performance ran with gratifying smoothness, the play having had the advantage of previous representations in other cities.

A one-act play, with the dime-novel title of *The Viper on the Hearth*, preceded The Nominee. It served ostensibly to display Mr. Goodwin's ability to reproduce the Yorkshire dialect. His method was so unexpectedly

serious, and his make-up so deceiving, that he was not recognized at all by many in the audience, especially as there was some delay in the distribution of the programmes.

The plot deals with the machinations of Heskett Price to separate her step-sister, Ethel Lydyard, from George Heriot, in order to secure him for herself. Ethel is thus induced to set her wedding-day with John Bassendale, who loves her with all the intensity of his honest nature. A letter from George to Ethel that Heskett has intercepted, and carelessly dropped on the stage, serves its usual purpose of setting matters right, and John joins the hands of the loving couple to slow music.

The compression of the plot made the succession of incidents rather absurd, as there was no time to lead up to them with anything like artistic illusion. The cast was up to the requirements of the piece.

New Park.—A Straight Tip.

A farce comedy by John J. McNally. Produced Jan. 28.

Dick Dasher..... Dick Dasher
Dennis Dolan..... John Sparks
Kitty Dolan..... Emma Hanley
Belleina Dolan..... Emily Stowe
Abner Hawkins..... Richard Gorman
Jack Potson and Poole..... Peter F. Daly
Daisy Dazzle..... Delta Stacy

James T. Powers, or "Jimmy" Powers, as the public of the Casino were wont to call their favorite singing comedian, appeared, on Monday evening, at the New Park Theatre, in a new play by John J. McNally.

Apparently, Mr. McNally has no very high estimation of Mr. Powers' peculiar gifts, for the vehicle he has provided him with to show them off is more remarkable for the incoherence of its plot and the number of its antediluvian jokes and Bowery "gags" than any real merit, literary or otherwise.

A Straight Tip made the public laugh, however, and it will probably put plenty of dollars into the pockets of the star. There is no story to interest the spectator, but there is plenty of rough-and-tumble fun, catchy music, pretty girls, and, as we said before, a number of old jokes which the farce-comedian gets off in his best style.

Mr. Powers is surrounded by several clever people—among others John Sparks, Emma Hanley, Richard Gorman, Peter F. Daly and F. T. Ward. The business of imitating a woman dressing her hair, which Mr. Powers was so fond of introducing at the Casino, is featured as a novelty in A Straight Tip.

The three acts are provided with effective scenery. The settings and business in act II. give a vastly better representation of a race-track than those in other and more ambitious plays do.

Mr. Powers essayed an imitation of Carmencita in the last act which was not altogether happy. It was a libel on the pearl of Seville.

People's—Hazel Kirke.

The revival of Hazel Kirke drew a crowded house to the People's Theatre on Monday night last.

Effie Ellsler as Hazel Kirke acted her part with all the emotional power for which she has won so much praise in the past, and was honored with curtain calls after each act.

C. W. Con dock reappeared as Dunstan Kirke, and received a perfect ovation. Frank Weston gave an excellent personation of Aaron Rodney, and Adolph Lestina made a decided hit as Pittacus Green. Clifford Dempsey looked handsome and manly as Arthur Carrington.

Lillian Daily was seen to advantage as Dolly Dutton. Louisa Porter was equally pleasing as Mercy Kirke. The rest of the cast were competent.

Next week, *After Dark*.

Standard—Standard News.

The spectacular drama of *Claudius Nero* came back to New York on Monday night. It is now under the management of W. A. Brady, and may be seen throughout the current week at the Standard Theatre. Wilton Lackaye appeared in his original role of Nero, and Alice Fischer was again seen to advantage in the part of Agrippina. Marie Rene played the character of Acte in a graceful and telling manner. All the minor roles were in competent hands and the supernumeraries were well drilled.

The specialties introduced were the lions, a very wonderful exhibition of feats of strength and of tableaux vivants by the Marks Brothers, and some excellent dancing by Madame Gillett and a troupe of coryphées.

Fancy Pictures—Variety.

Tony Pastor's through the timely forethought and liberality of its management, still continues to offer to the patrons of the theatre a most amusing and entertaining variety bill. The one presented this week is particularly good from top to bottom, and was evidently greatly appreciated by the large audience present on Monday night.

Ryan, the xylophone player, gave a grotesquely comic performance. Delaunay, the wonderful man-frog, was as frog-like as ever. The St. Felix Sisters were pretty and graceful in their dancing specialties, and Edwin French in negro songs and banjo solos was

reminiscent of the palmy days of minstrelsy—the days when the banjo was a favorite.

Fielding did some clever feats in juggling and John E. Drew was very funny in his eccentric Irish character sketches. The Gingersettis, a troupe of acrobats, called forth much applause.

Maggie Cline's songs brought down the house, and the pantomimists, the Lorellas, wound up the performance with a ludicrous exhibition of a stage trick called Decapitation, the simple *dismount* of which should cause Herrmann to blush with envy.

It must not be forgotten that Tony Pastor appears at every performance. His songs are always jolly and topical and funny, and, on being three recalled on Monday evening, he gave the audience "The Same Old Lie," with great effect.

Savoy—Money Mad.

Steele Mackaye's popular melodrama *Money Mad*, was received on Monday night at Jacobs' Theatre with plentiful signs of approval by a large audience.

Kate Tongay, Marie Drophah, Hugh Wallace, Charles B. Hanford and Ben Hendricks repeated their former success, and the character of Aunt Phyllis, the negro-servant, was very cleverly drawn by Mary Bird.

Margaret Bradford as Kate O'Neil was graceful, but her acting was at times rather feeble, and Louis N. Glover was only moderately successful as the villain Cary Haskins.

The drawbridge and moving steamboat in the fifth act provoked rapturous applause.

Academy—The Old Homestead.

The revival of *The Old Homestead* at the Academy on Monday night attracted a large audience, and the play was received with old-time enthusiasm.

Denman Thompson received a hearty welcome as Joshua Whitecomb, and Daniel Fitzpatrick was very amusing as the tramp Happy Jack, the part formerly played by Walter Gale.

The Old Homestead Double Quartette was repeatedly encored.

Grand—The Dark Secret.

That the aquatic drama has not dampened public interest in "tank" exhibitions was manifested by the size of the audience at the Grand Opera House on Monday night. The Dark Secret was the attraction and was given with all its realistic appurtenances.

In the cast were Joseph Mason, Hudson Liston, E. B. Tilton, Belle Stoddard, Blanche Milton, Charlotte Ray and Edith Tilton, all of whom were satisfactory.

Next week, Kate Claxton in a revival of *The Two Orphans*.

Windsor—A Midnight Bell.

A large audience attended *A Midnight Bell* at the Windsor on Monday evening, and seemed well pleased with the performance.

Richard Dillon looked and acted the part of Rev. John Bradbury quite cleverly.

George Richard was amusing as the Deacon, and James McIntyre, Percy Haswell and Marie Hart were all good in their respective characters.

Koster and Bial's—Broadway.

Camille De Mar made her first appearance at Koster and Bial's on Monday evening in the burlesque of O'Nero.

Annie Milmuth, Napier and Marzello, Alexandroff Brothers, are among the newcomers.

Carmencita is getting in good trim for the ball to be given in her favor at the Madison Square Garden next Friday evening.

All Other Houses.

Reilly and the *co* is "taking in the town" at Harrigan's.

The County Fair continues in prosperous session at the Union Square Theatre.

Poor Jonathan is still drawing large houses at the Casino.

Men and Women is in the zenith of its popularity at Proctor's Theatre.

Nerves is to remain the attraction at the Lyceum until the end of Lent.

Blue Jeans has not yet worn out its metropolitan welcome at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Rosina Vokes will give the last performance of *The Silver Shield* at the Madison Square Theatre on Saturday night. The return of Mr. Palmer's stock company will be inaugurated next week with the production of *Sunlight and Shadow*, the domestic comedy by R. C. Carton.

This is the last week of Beau Brummel at the Garden Theatre. Ibsen's *Doll House* will be presented at this house this (Wednesday) afternoon, with Beatrice Cameron as Nora.

The current week offers the last opportunity to see Judah at Palmer's, as this artistic play is to be succeeded by the production of Joseph Hatton's drama, John Needham's *Double*, next Monday night.

Mr. Crane's long occupancy of the Star will come to a close with the concluding per-

formance of *The Senator* this week. On Monday night Frank Mordaunt and a special company are to test at this house the metropolitan value of Mr. Potter of Texas.

A TROUBLOUS "SNAP."

Complaints are numerous against T. H. Glenn, who took a company to Paterson, N. J., last week for the purpose of presenting *Storm Beaten*. Mr. Glenn is reported to have said that the company he took to Baltimore the week before netted him a clear profit of eight or nine hundred dollars, and it, therefore, was with confident anticipations that a company headed by Wright Huntington and his wife, began the week in Paterson.

The illusion was dispelled before the week ended. The actors found that they could not get any money without a good deal of effort. Several of them by resort to attachments and other legal processes secured enough to pay their board bills. The rest complained that they got nothing in spite of the fact that the company played to \$300, of which Mr. Glenn's share was \$150.

An unpleasant incident of the engagement occurred on Wednesday night, when J. H. Hasleton, who was playing the leading heavy part, fell through a platform above the stage, fracturing his knee. He managed to finish the performance and was removed to his hotel. He thinks of suing the managers of the People's Theatre, where the performance was given.

THIS AVAILABLE.

Revue d'Art Dramatique, Jan. 15.

LE DRAMATIQUE MIRROR, de New York, publie tous les ans un numéro de Noël du plus vif intérêt. Nous y trouvons un certain nombre de récits dont les comédiens font tous les frais; ils sont contés avec une verve tout américaine. Ce numéro exceptionnel est accompagné de dessins, de gravures dans le texte et hors texte qui en augmentent singulièrement le prix. M. Harrison Grey Fiske, l'intelligent directeur du DRAMATIQUE MIRROR, est un homme d'un grand goût artistique et cette publication lui fait grand honneur. Citons parmi les jolis portraits ceux de la charmante cantatrice Emma Abbott dont le télégraphe vient de nous annoncer la mort, de la jolie Mlle. Fay Templeton, une chanteuse d'opérette qui joint à la grâce et à la beauté une grande intelligence, elle est représentée dans un de ses rôles. Mentionnons encore les portraits de Verona Jarreau, de Julia Arthur, de la charmante Juliette Grace Sherwood, d'Alce Fischer, des comédiens Willard Newell, Oscar Eagle, Barry Johnson. Il nous fait encore signaler un grand dessin représentant le drame sommeillant des charges et des caricatures, de la musique. Par la variété du texte, le choix et le nombre des gravures, ce numéro obtiendra à Paris comme à New-York le meilleur succès. Tous les amateurs du théâtre voudront le posséder pour le mettre dans leur collection. On le trouvera chez M. Brentano, libraire, avenue de l'Opéra, 17, et dans le kiosque du Grand-Hôtel.

REFLECTIONS.

GOOD OLD TIMES will close in about a fortnight.

TIME is talk of *Around the World* being put on the road again.

THE LITTLE COUSIN requires strengthening, and Ray Maskell will remain idle until changes have been made. Then the tour, begun in Newark last week, may be resumed.

A. M. PALMER went to Boston on Monday to supervise rehearsals of *Sunlight and Shadow* by the Madison Square company.

CONTRACTS were signed last week by which Fanny Davenport's production of *Cleopatra* will be given on March 20 at the Broadway Theatre for five weeks.

THE RECEIPTS of the Actors' Fund benefit at Daly's, on Monday afternoon, amounted to \$366.75. Too bad!

THE DAZZLER opens at the Standard Theatre next Monday night.

JACK REED, of Fred Bryant's company, is seriously ill from pneumonia at his residence in this city.

HARRY DION PARKER telegraphed from Louisville that the locomotive race introduced in *A Royal Pass* on Monday proved a wonderful success. "Hundreds were turned away," he added.

FRED. J. POST, an old-time property-man, died on Wednesday of consumption in St. Joseph's Hospital in this city. He was about fifty-five years old. The funeral took place on Friday. The interment was in the Actors' Fund plot at Evergreens Cemetery.

REMARKABLE energy in the advertising and "booming" department of *A Straight Tip* company has marked the coming of that organization to this city. On Monday the exterior of the New Park Theatre was decorated with the entries of the races at both Clifton and Guttenberg, with certain of the horses "tipped" as winners.

MARION SHORT has made a favorable impression as *Bess in The Witch*.

MARY JORDAN, Frank Allen and Julia Lee are recent additions to *A Soap Bubble*.

AMONG the finest specimens of theatrical lithography in one color that have been produced are the two pictures of Alfred Ayres as Shylock and Eliza Warren as Portia copied by George H. Walker and Company of Boston, from the original paintings by William Edgar Marshall. These lithographs have more of the true artistic quality than is usually noticed in window printing.

THESE is no truth in the statement that the critics here buy tickets and abuse visiting attractions that do not advertise," writes our Salt Lake City correspondent. "They follow Tim Moore, however, in their freedom of criticism, and no doubt the originator of the statement in question has been in it with some queer show."

PLAYS by M. E. Sewell, of Washington, Arthur Hornblow, A. E. Lancaster and Henry White are to be presented soon by Gustave Frohman at the Frohman Studio. The ground floor of the Frohman Exchange was thrown open last week. It is the largest room of its kind in the city, and already presents a lively appearance.

J. C. KENY has resigned the musical direction of the Roberts-Saier Faust company. His place will be taken by Frederick W. Mills, beginning at Yonkers on Feb. 2.

C. B. HAWKINS has had a role specially adapted to his peculiar ability in impersonating a countryman, written in for him in *The Country Circus*, to be produced by Charles B. Jefferson next season.

THEATRE PARTIES are all the rage at Harrigan's. Last Tuesday the Beefsteak Club, of which Mayor Grant is a member, attended in a body. On Saturday seventy-five members of the Twenty-third Regiment saw Reilly and the 400. A theatre party of the Third Artillery of Brooklyn have secured seats for the 20th inst., and on the following evening the Harlem Indian Fishing Club will attend in full force.

CHARLES FROHMAN signed contracts, last week, with Rich and Harris by which he will control the productions at the new theatre to be built by these managers in Boston at a cost of about \$200,000. The house is to be opened Sept. 21 next by Mr. Frohman's stock company in *Men and Women*, to run for eight weeks. Mr. Frohman has also signed a contract with Proctor and Turner for the return of his company to Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre next season.

THE audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last Wednesday evening were gratified with the following notice posted up in the boxes: "JAN 25, 1891. Many complaints having been made to the directors of the Opera House of the annoyance produced by the talking in the boxes during the performances, the Board requests that it be discontinued. By order of the Board of Directors."

MINNIE CUNNINGHAM has been engaged by Levy and Co. as leading soubrette for O'Dowd's *Neighbors*, in which Mark Murphy will star. Negotiations are pending with Mrs. George S. Knight for the same company, the time of which is rapidly filling.

THE Kentucky Court of Appeals has sustained the decision of the lower court which recently decided a case in favor of Mary Anderson, who was sued by the Bourlier Brothers for playing at Macauley's when she was booked to appear at their house the Masonic Temple. The decision declared that Henry E. Albee was responsible, if any body.

WADSWORTH HARRIS is to give a recital in the parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Thursday evening. His recitations range from grave to gay. He will have the assistance of the pianist, Herbert C. Grant.

A SPANISH "Serenade," words and music by Marion Morton Baldwin, just published, is characteristically effective in having caught the spirit of Spanish melody.

OLIVER JUE-JENSEN says that *The Witch* played its first return date last week in Chester, Pa. The theatre was packed, the house being practically sold out in advance. There is a probability that Marie Hubert Frohman will be seen at the Standard in her successful play before many weeks have passed.

PROFESSOR KELLAR has won his suit against George C. Brotherton and Edward Hall. The suit was brought on account of an engagement that Keller played under Brotherton and Hall's management at Atlantic City during the Summer of 1889, for which no settlement had been made. No defence was set up, and Keller was awarded \$242.50.

H. E. SANFORD will not be with W. J. Scanlan next season. The chances are that he will be associated with W. H. Matthews in a new enterprise.

In spite of the fact that the telegraph wires are down all over the country, dispatches announcing the phenomenal success of almost all the theatrical companies now out continue to pour in.

J. J. Nevin has written a play called *The Boatman's Daughter*, which will be produced in Schenectady, N. Y., next month. The scenes are laid in Central New York, and the plot deals with life on the canals. The sensational feature of the piece is a lock on the Erie Canal at Utica.

A GENTLEMAN who hails from Kansas City says that the Rev. F. C. Rankin, who has been making himself conspicuous lately by his diatribes against the theatre, is an unmitigated sensation-monger. His attacks are transparent dodges to procure self-advertisement. The Kansas City papers give them space because they are willing to exploit anything that calls the attention of the rest of the country to Kansas City. Rankin is worth powder to blow him to Sheol.

EDAS NASH, Horace Clinton, Edith Totten and Mrs. N. Queen have become members of T. H. Winnett's *Inshawe* company, of which M. M. Barnes is acting manager, with W. D. Reed as advance representative.

LOUISE WINNETT is to originate the star part in a new comedy next season. The play is by a well-known author.

E. H. STANWAS and Walter Loftus request the denial of the report that the *Struck Gas* company had closed its season, a rumor which they allege was started by a discharged employee for the purpose of injuring their business. W. H. Mack is at present playing the part of Drake, and *Struck Gas* is booked this week in Pennsylvania and New York.

Rosa Cosman was produced for the first time on Monday night, at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia. Charles Read's one-act version of *Nance Oldfield*. The piece is to be given as a curtain-raiser in conjunction with *Lady Baster*.

ROBERT MANTELL's contract with Augustus Piton will end May 9. Rose Coghlan's will expire at the same time, and W. J. Scanlan closes his season on that date.

The announcement of the last nights of *The Babes in the Wood* resulted in such a large demand for seats that another week has been added to its already long engagement at Niblo's.

BYRON DOUGLAS has resigned from *The Inspector* company.

MR. POTTER OF TESLA began its brief road trip at Providence on Monday night.

J. F. DONNELLY has been engaged by Oscar Hammerstein as business manager of his *Harlem Theatre*.

THE date for Professor Cromwell's lecture for the Press Club fund at the Broadway Theatre has been changed from March 8 to Feb. 8. Daniel Dougherty's lecture on Sunday night netted the fund over \$1,000.

VICTOR DE LAURE will rejoin Henderson's *Opera* company on Jan. 31. He has been engaged for tenor parts.

MRS. DION BOUCICault has been engaged for leading business in the stock company which Oscar Hammerstein is organizing for the benefit of *Harlem* playgoers. The season will begin next month.

LELU KIRIS, a clever and versatile actress, has been engaged by Charles Frohman, and will join the *All the Comforts of Home* company in San Francisco on Feb. 8.

JULIAN JORDAN has been engaged as musical conductor of the *Von Vonson* company.

THIS is probably Rhéa's last season in *Josephine*, as she is having a play written for her by S. B. Alexander and Rabbi Schindler. The play will deal with the highest type of Jewish character.

R. D. MCLEAN AND MARY PRESCOTT will present *Rider Haggard's Cleopatra* at the Brooklyn Grand Opera House on Feb. 9, with new scenery and costumes. H. L. Reed has also made some splendid scenery for *Spartacus*. The production of these plays is lavish, and two cars are required to transport it. J. M. Hill has offered Mr. MacLean and Miss Prescott the Standard, and they will appear there later on.

HENRY LEE will begin his managerial career at the London Avenue Theatre on Tuesday night of next week, appearing as Noirtier in *Monte-Cristo*. He has engaged a strong company, including Charles Warner, E. H. Vanderfelt, Jessie Millward and Helen Dacre.

PISERO's new play, written for the London Garrick, has been secured by Daniel Frohman.

BEGINNING this week Wednesday matinees of *The Old Homestead* will be given regularly at the Academy.

THE perennial E. E. Rice has organized a company and will shortly produce a three-act farce-comedy by Percy Weedon and Louis De Lange, entitled *Never Better*. George Lauri and Gus Bruno are among those engaged. It will be staged by Mr. De Lange.

SIMMONDS AND BROWNS are engaging people for the new stock company that Manager Hammerstein is organizing for one of his *Harlem* theatres. A new play will be presented and the season will probably open on Feb. 9. Mrs. Dion Boucicault and J. H. Gilmour are already secured, while W. H. Daly will stage manage.

JOHN F. BROWN has been engaged for *Never Better*.

LEONARD JORDAN has notified John A. Harrington that he has no right to the title of Little Countess, the latter having recently brought out a comedy drama under that name. Mr. Jordan declares that The Little Countess is the title of a farce-comedy he copyrighted at Washington last March.

RAYMOND BROWN has been engaged for *Noah's Ark*.

A NEW PROPS has the artists, John H. Young, Homer Evans, H. L. Reed, Mohr and Becker, as well as their assistants hard at work on the scenery for the production of *The Power of the Press*, while Benson, Sherwood and Burroughs Raymond are engaged on the mechanical effects.

RAINEY FAIR has refused to have a new offer of re-engagement with Cleveland's Minstrels at a salary of \$250 a week, because he intends to go with *A High Roller*.

CARMENNA, who is reported to have renewed her contract with Lester and Real, goes out next season under their management, at the head of a vaudeville and operatic company. One of the features of the entertainment will be an act each night from a grand opera.

ERNEST RUTTER, the musical director of the *Evangeline* company, leaves that organization next week his place being taken by H. H. Lantz.

HARRY MINER gave a benefit to Manager A. H. Sheldon at the People's on Sunday night. Treasurer W. W. Walters, of that house, was also presented with a handsome watch.

ALFRED HENNEBIRS will deliver an address before the *Goethe Society* next Monday evening on "The Drama of the Future."

It is reported that Richard Mansfield and his manager, Gus Hartz, have agreed to separate.

FRANK KARRINGTON has been engaged for Mr. Barnes of New York.

The partnership of Monroe and Rice will be dissolved on April 20. On April 21 *Aunt Bridget's Baby*, will be produced at Council Bluffs, Ia., under Robert B. Monroe's management, with George W. Monroe as star.

FLORENCE GERALD has joined Frank Mayo's company. *Marlboro's Dead Heart* company having closed. Clarke will shortly renew operations in *A Sly Dog*.

THE LEADER.

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, Jan. 17.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR has wonderfully improved of late. Harrison Grey Fiske has made it the leading publication of its kind in the country.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Boyd's New Theatre at Omaha, Neb., will be opened on Monday, August 1, 1891. The theatre is on the ground floor and will have a seating capacity of 1,200. It will be one of the finest and best appointed houses in America. Manager Boyd is ready to receive applications for the opening week, for which a certainty will be paid. Charles Frohman is his New York representative.

Elizabeth Garth is meeting with much success as *Join in Sunset*.

Archie Boyd has made the hit of his life as Uncle Joshua in *The Old Homestead* road company. Many of the critics say that his work in that character is equal to that of Denman Thompson in that part.

The farce-comedy, entitled *My Aunt Bridget*, was sold to the highest bidder at Klaw and Erlanger's Exchange on Friday, Feb. 2, at 10 o'clock. Bids by mail may be addressed to Robert B. Monroe, 21 West Thirtieth Street, New York city.

The *Lodger* Job Show Printing Company, of Philadelphia, offer special inducements to managers contemplating getting out new printing. They claim that their work is much stronger than lithography, while the price is very low. Thomas S. Dando is the manager of this establishment, and agents should be sent direct to him.

The Manistee Opera House, at Manistee, Mich., is one of the best theatre buildings in Northern Michigan. It was built at a cost of \$15,000, and has a seating capacity of 1,200. It is located in the centre of the city and is well patronized by the citizens of Manistee and suburbs. None but first-class attractions are booked.

JOE LITT announces some valuable open time at Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul this week.

The week of February 1, 1891, is open at the Euclid Opera House, Cleveland, Ohio.

J. W. Shute, manager of the Soo Opera House, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., informs us that his opera house remains open all the year round. From April to October are the best months of his season. Sault Ste. Marie has the advantage of boat and rail service, and the Opera House draws some of its patronage from the Canucks on the opposite shore.

A. J. Simon and Scott Marlin will manage the new neo-drama entitled *The Patriot*. The preliminary season will commence early in April and the managers desire to open correspondence with the best people to originate the various characters. For further particulars address care of Chicago Rank Note Company, Chicago.

Alexander Kearney, character and dialect comedian, is at liberty.

F. D. Proctor has open time at Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, Troy and Albany.

Bert Coote, the well-known eccentric comedian, will be at liberty after Jan. 15, 1891. His address is 40 College Place, Chicago, Ill.

The Dramatic Mirror Quarterly, No. 3.

NOW READY.

CONTRIBUTORS.

BRANDER MAT

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

JANUARY 31, 1891.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

THE ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

At our Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-first Street.

HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK - - JANUARY 31, 1891.

** The Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

BIGELOW THEATRE—THE SINGER, 80c.
BROADWAY THEATRE—G. L. STURTEVANT, 80c.
CASINO—FRED J. MORTON, 80c.
FOURTEENTH ST. THEATRE—BLU JEANS, 80c.
GARDEN THEATRE—GEORGE D. COOKE, 80c.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—A DARK SECRET, 80c.
HARRIGAN'S THEATRE—RILEY AND THE BOY, 80c.
H. R. JACOBS' THEATRE—MONEY MAD, 80c.
KOSTER AND BIAL'S—VANITIES AND CURIOSITIES, 80c.
LYCEUM THEATRE—STUDIES, 80c.
MADISON SQ. THEATRE—THE SILVER SHIELD, 80c.
NEW PARK THEATRE—A STRAIGHT TIE, 80c.
PALMER'S THEATRE—JUDAH, 80c.
PEOPLE'S THEATRE—HAZEL KIRK, 80c.
PROCTOR'S THEATRE—MEN AND WOMEN, 80c.
STAN THEATRE—THE SENATOR, 80c.
TONY PASTOR'S—TONY PASTOR'S CO., 80c.

SLANDERING THE DEAD.

THE large-mouthed Kansas City preacher RANKIN continues to blather about the theatre, evidently because of the lavish notoriety his diatribes secure in the columns of the local press.

Nothing that the man has said of the stage is worthy of serious consideration, because all that he has said is characterized by crass ignorance and bigoted contumacy.

As well stop to argue with a mad bull as attempt to reason with a wild person of the RANKIN stamp.

But we are not disposed to allow this venomous creature to utter a single slander against the dead, as he did when he referred the other night to "the ABBOTT woman's" failure to bequeath any share of her large fortune to professional charities, without a murmur.

"Why was it," shouted RANKIN, "that she did leave a good portion of it to churches? Simply because she knew the degrading influence of the stage and average stage people upon the morals of the public, and she appreciated the elevating influence of the church on society."

When RANKIN uttered this he lied—lied deliberately, designedly and maliciously. These are hard words to apply to a man whose sacred office is to teach the truth and set an example in righteousness to his fellow-men, but they exactly fit the case.

Because EMMA ABBOTT was a Christian in fact as well as in name, because she chose to include several churches among her various and catholic benefactions, and because she made no bequests to stage institutions, Kansas City's shocked magpie had no shadow of right to draw therefrom false conclusions derogatory to "the ABBOTT woman," and conveniently suited to his own unsavory purpose of libeling the stage and everything connected with it.

Has this rante no conscience, has he no conception of his duty as a disciple of the gentle Galilean and as an ordained minister of the Methodist Church, that he basely twists an innocent fact into a mischievous

treachery, belies the dead and befools the living. Has he strucken "Thou shalt not bear false witness" from his copy of the Commandments?

In giving sums of money to the churches, Miss ABBOTT acted according to the dictates of her conscience. Had she thought that such men as RANKIN would distort these bequests into an implied reproach on her profession, it is safe to say that she would have confined her generous gifts to other objects.

Her failure to bestow a portion of her wealth upon theatrical charities was undoubtedly due to her knowledge that the people of the stage are always willing and able to provide for the needs of their own brethren as well as to respond to the many demands that are made upon their charitable instincts by the rest of the world, and that the churches—almost without exception—are not similarly capable of taking care of their charities without extrinsic aid.

The "Reverend" RANKIN's assertion that Miss ABBOTT's benefactions implied aversion to her profession is an infamous insult to the memory of the woman who once demonstrated her brave love for her art and her brethren by denouncing, in a house of worship, the coarse vilification of the actors calling which she had just heard from the lips of a preacher of the RANKIN variety.

Let RANKIN's *flux de bouche* proceed unimpeded, so long as he confines his efforts to dupe his patient flock to the venerable stock of humbug that has served the orthodox American pulpit through thick and thin since the days of COLETON MATHER and the Salem fanatics.

But when, in his blind fury, he deliberately outrages truth and assails the memory and the motives of a noble woman, whose sympathies were with the stage from first to last, it is time to call a halt and remind him that there are some ends to which even a Methodist minister cannot go without breeding wholesome disgust and exciting public repugnation.

IT CANNOT BE TOO SOON.

IF the despairing cry of DUNLOP for an early trial is anything else than pretence and bluster, let him assist us by bringing our case to the Court of General Sessions or Oyer and Terminer, and he will find that we will accommodate him.

We do not feel inclined to take him in the first instance before Judge PATRICK DUVIER, or any other justice of the same legal learning.

As it is, let him not put in any dilatory pleas, or interpose tactics for delay and we promise that there shall be no delay on our part.

IN RE IBSENISM.

LAST year the IBSENISTS of London threatened to have everything their own way; but, like most faddists, they overdid the thing, with the natural result that they first caused weariness and then excited antagonism.

To-day IBSEN's plays might be at the bottom of the sea for all the interest that is felt in them by literary and artistic London. The few still faithful disciples have issued a jeremiad in which they bewail the fact that they can get neither actors nor managers to produce Rosmersholm experimentally, while even a proposed revival of The Doll's House meets with no better favor than frowning disengagement.

The IBSEN fever raged less fiercely in New York and for that reason there still exists some curiosity among playgoers to see the works of the writer who aims to be at one and the same time physician and entertainer to modern society—who expects the world to swallow his black draughts and enjoy them.

Mr. MANSFIELD's company again presents The Doll's House, and before his engagement at PALMER'S closes, Mr. WILLARD will appear as Consul Bernick in Pillars of Society.

The Doll's House might be made a mildly interesting performance if it possessed what it has not yet had in America—a suitable Norah. The acceptability of the piece depends entirely upon the skill and fitness of the actress to whom this character is assigned.

But it may be said safely that under the most favorable conditions The Doll's House would not give sustained pleasure to any class of theatregoers in this community.

The verdict on Pillars of Society cannot be

confidently foretold. Unlike the rest of IBSEN's dramas it has plenty of action, clean-cut, interesting dialogue, and one of the strongest situations conceivable. It is because the treatment of the theme and the construction of the play come nearer to established and approved methods than the others, that its chances of winning public and critical commendation may be regarded as even.

At all events, American converts to the IBSEN cult have reason to crow over their British brethren, inasmuch as there is not yet so much as a whisper of a conspiracy to suppress the odd products of their idol's genius on this side of the ocean.

PERSONAL.

MORRIS.—Felix Morris is writing his reminiscences for the literary department of The United Press. They will appear in instalments, and the advance sheets give promise of exceptionally entertaining and interesting matter.

DOWNING.—Robert L. Downing denies the report that he will appear in Joaquin Miller's new play *Tally Ho*, next season. Instead of that, he intends sending out the play with a strong comedy company, while he will continue in his legitimate repertoire. He is rehearsing two new productions for the rest of this season. He will produce *The Taming of the Shrew* and a new play next season.

ROSENQUEST.—An attempt to burglarize the residence of J. W. Rosenquest, last week, was frustrated by the furious barking of the manager's pet dog, "Bijou."

BEAUFEL.—Rose Beaufel was married, last Thursday, at the Little Church Around the Corner to S. Aristed Edwards, a young artist.

FROHMAN.—Charles Frohman and Isaac Rich, of Rich and Harris, left this city, last week, for St. Augustine, Fla., to meet William Gillette. Mr. Frohman is to arrange with Mr. Gillette for the postponement of the production of Mr. Wilkinson's *Widow* at Proctor's Theatre, while Mr. Rich wants to secure the playwright to write a play for the new theatre to be built in Boston.

MANTELL.—Robert B. Mantell will open his starting tour under his own management at the Lyceum Theatre, on May 26, appearing in a new four-act society play by A. R. Hazen, entitled *The Veiled Picture*.

ABBOTT.—The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, of this city, and several other clergymen whose churches benefit under Emma Abbott's will, have preached sermons eulogistic of her life and professional career.

EVANS.—The new version of *Fogg's Ferry* seems to be popular. Last week Lizzie Evans played what is reported to be one of the best engagements of the season at Albany in it.

HAWORTH.—Little Maverick is the title of a new play that William Haworth is writing. It is designed for Lizzie Evans.

DUPREE.—On last Saturday night clever Minnie Dupree closed her engagement with Cota Tanner's company. She will return to New York this week when, as she puts it, she will "be at liberty for anything good."

ABBEY.—The *Evening Post* says that Mr. Abbey might be offered a professorship in mathematics at Columbia—he figures so ingeniously. In his comparison of Italian opera and German opera receipts in the *Herald* the other day he left out of the latter the \$2,000 a night contributed by the stockholders for boxes!

WINTER.—William Winter says of genuine bad men, as contrasted with the Brummagem bad men of the stage: "Their eyes betray them; and in loneliness, no matter how inveterate their wicked purposes may be, they are vigilant, reckless, and ill at ease." This leads the *Boston Post* to observe that according to Mr. Winter there is no excuse for not recognizing your bad man at a glance."

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry has secured the services of Justin McCarthy and F. C. Burnham to write a play for her on the outlines of the opera of *Carmen*.

IRVING.—Alfred Davis, an English actor, writing of *Henry Irving*, says that he is "a facile friend" among stage-directors, and the best arranger of realistic theatrical pictures in the world."

HENDERSON.—Frank Henderson has been elected a member of the Board of Trade of Jersey City, in the place of his father, the late William Henderson. Mr. Henderson, who is associated with his mother in the management of the Academy, is the youngest man upon whom this honor has been conferred.

WILSON.—Francis Wilson has blossomed forth as a magazine contributor. He has a most interesting article in the current number of *Lippincott's*.

FRENCH.—T. Henry French sailed for New York from Liverpool on the *Umbria* last Saturday. He is bringing over several new plays.

RYLEY.—Mrs. J. H. Ryley (Marie Barnum) has not returned to England as reported. She is residing in Brooklyn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE DRAMA AGENTS AGREEMENT.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:
Sir:—I notice in the current issue of *The Mirror* that there has been a commotion among theatrical agents. I trust that this movement may eventually furnish no people to irresponsible managers until at least one week's salary is deposited in the agent's hands, is certainly a move in the right direction.

I have no doubt but agents have lost heavily through the dishonesty and indifference of actors, and it is but right that they should receive all they have been promised, *provided always* that the engagement, in all of its conditions, has been fully fulfilled by the agent's principal. Let us suppose that some entirely responsible actor has made an engagement through an agent for thirty weeks. He pays his fee accordingly, and at the end of eight or ten weeks is thrown out for the season. He goes to the company being "called in" by the speculative manager. Why can't this actor hold the agent responsible for his twenty weeks' salary?

In this connection, it may be as well to remember that the deadhead manager is largely an outgrowth of the system of irresponsible theatrical agents.

From the agreement entered into I quote: "We will not procure an engagement for any professional who is indebted to any one of the undersigned for commissions on a previous engagement." Now, I venture to assert that for every two hundred professionals *will* have received through various engagements with irresponsible managers, lasting through the period for which they were made, and for which they have failed to pay the stipulated commission, there are a thousand who have been placed by the agents with managers since that man's notorious irresponsibility, and from whom, in hundreds of cases, they have not, and never will, receive their salaries.

What the actor will naturally want to know is, whether the above ultimatum is supposed to include the latter class.

Suppose *The Mirror* should call for the names of all professionals now out of employment, who were engaged through the agencies for seasons varying from twenty to thirty-five weeks, and who got instead anywhere from one to fifteen, the list would probably startle some of your readers.

What the actors and legitimate professional managers would like to see is this:

The entire second or third floor of the Fund building devoted to an agency to be conducted upon a high plane, separate consultation rooms for ladies and gentlemen, an ample reception room; in fact, everything should be done to take from the place the air of a servants' exchange. Then the artists of the profession would patronize and encourage it. It should have a well-paid, competent business head, with necessary assistants. In this I wish distinctly to disclaim any reflection upon the present manager of the Fund agency. I know Mr. Spies to be honest and conscientious, but he is impeded by limitations in many directions.

This agency could and should transact nine-tenths of the business done with responsible managers, and it should so hedge itself with conditions as to exclude the other kind. It should be an exchange where artists and managers can meet and converse like artists, in a house which belongs to them jointly, and in which the atmosphere of the employment office does not obtrude. To this end, all actors requesting should be paid-up members of the Fund. This is a very small matter, which would add largely to the membership and usefulness of the Fund.

This may seem to sound Utopian. To me it appears the perfection of simplicity. Either suspend the Fund agency entirely, or devote to it at least one entire floor and make it so attractive in its arrangement and general conduct that the best members of the profession will feel proud to visit and patronize it. It is theirs; created by their efforts and maintained by them for their general good.

But alas! actors are not politicians. If they were, before the next Fund meeting occurs they would have held their "primaries," every company and their general convention would be called to meet about June 1. Then they would place in nomination for trustees men pledged to do certain things which they conceived to be for the general good of the Fund and the profession at large. Then they would attend the Fund meeting and see to it that their candidates were elected. Then if they (the elected) failed to inaugurate the promised reforms, Whoop it!

But, as I said, artists and Bohemians are seldom politicians.

MR. JOHNSON DEFENDS HIS CLOTHES.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20, 1891.
To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

Sir:—The enclosed article appeared in the Philadelphia *North American*, and I cannot look at it in any other light than that of a personal attack, and I look to *The Mirror*, ever ready to see justice done, to set me right.

This person, signing himself or herself, which ever it may be, "The Lobbyist," takes exception to my dressing of the juvenile part of Robert Vandevere in *The Inspector*, and says that I wear an "abominable suit of clothes," etc., "and a necktie and hat neither of which would be tolerated by society."

As a matter of fact, I wear a neat, light suit of clothes, made by a leading New York tailor; one of Dunlap's latest style hats, and a necktie to match as near as possible the suit of clothes. I may have made an entrance upon the stage "with three buttons of my coat unbuttoned," but I fancy that a young fellow who has just returned from a year's siege at "ranching" in Montana, and who who has just been clandestinely married to his sweetheart, would think very little of how his coat was buttoned.

The reading of this article created a laugh throughout the entire company, knowing as they did how particular I am in regard to my dressing. This column is intended to be funny, why does not "The Lobbyist" sign himself "The Comedian?" Then we would know where to laugh.

This style of snide criticism is too often indulged in, and is misleading, and I therefore hope you will give this some space.

Very truly yours,

BAILEY JOHNSON.

MR. SEVERA'S PLAN ENDORSED.

PETER-EL, Mich., Jan. 23, 1891.
To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

Sir:—Mr. Severa's recent communication to *The Mirror* should meet with favor from all young and aspiring dramatists. A scheme such as he suggests, or something similar, would surely be of benefit to them. Being one myself, I know whereof I write.

Only by some such method can we get our works into the hands of managers with any hope of their being properly examined and their merits or demerits passed upon. Even though the examination proved unsuccessful, it would be a great satisfaction to know that the play had been read, and to have its good or bad qualities shown to us, and to know where

THE USHER.



Send him who can. The ladies call him, master.
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Mr. Nobles' letter on the subject of the dramatic agents' "combine," published elsewhere in this issue, presents the matter from a point of view that cannot be disregarded.

Mr. Nobles, who always comes to the front when any subject that concerns the well-being of the actor is concerned, takes up an important point that has apparently escaped attention in the agents' deliberations.

He wants to know whether actors who have not paid their commissions because they have not received salaries for the term of their engagements are to be included in the agents' boycott?

He also asks whether the actors who have paid commissions on engagements for thirty weeks and whose managers have closed season prematurely, cannot hold the dramatic agents that made the engagements for the balance of salary due on the unfilled contracts.

While the agents are at work instituting protective and reformatory measures, it behooves them to consider the points discussed by Mr. Nobles.

Unquestionably the actor who pays an agent for a season's engagement and gets only a few weeks' salary is entitled to a rebate of the amount involved in the interrupted term, or to have that amount credited to him on the agent's books, to be applied on account of future commissions.

Honest dealing is involved in this matter. It strikes me that it is not a question that is open to argument. If an actor were to carry such a case into court he could recover the overplus, if not the whole amount paid the agent as commission for a service that was not performed.

When they come together again to settle definitely upon the details of their plan, I hope the agents will take up and provide for cases of this kind. Now that reform is in the air and they are inhaling it, they cannot afford to ignore an abuse that is patent and widespread.

The rascal Byers, through whose "Chicago Manuscript Company" play pirates are supplied with garbled MSS. of stolen plays, is up to a new dodge.

He is sending out circulars to managers of theatres in small towns requesting them to hand his catalogue of plays to local amateur dramatic societies.

Amateurs are respectable people, as a rule, and it is not likely that they will invest in the goods of this thief when they have been informed that every play included in his list is the lawful property of somebody else.

It denotes a lamentable defect in our laws that a man whose business it is to steal plays and sell them openly can escape interference, much less punishment.

How long before this outrage will get attention from the law-givers?

The cablers do not speak flatteringly of the reception given Gillette's adaptation, All the Comforts of Home, in London last Saturday night.

But, then, the verdicts of the cablers are notoriously unreliable.

Sara will be here on Sunday, if *La Chambre* meets with no unusual delay.

She is bringing over a bear-hound, an asp, two new plays, and fifty trunks.

Sara stopped long enough at Havre before embarking to cable to the New York press that "next to France she loved America and the Americans."

I believe that the subject of Colonel Ingersoll's lecture in the Press Club series at the Broadway Theatre, has not yet been announced. It will be "Shakespeare."

All through his career Ingersoll has looked forward to the time when, resting from his theological contentions, he should be able to give the best that his illustrious genius afforded to a grand eulogy of the colossal William.

That time has come and the fruit of all the thoughtful study and profound reflection devoted by this matchlessly eloquent Shakespearean to the works of the Bard has been

gathered into a discourse that is as sublime as its subject.

I had the privilege of hearing a portion of this magnificent oratorical tribute recently, and I advise every lover of Shakespeare and every admirer of splendid rhetoric and poetic enthusiasm to hear the lecture.

Colonel Ingersoll, by the way, left for Montana last night. He will be absent several weeks, engaged in a big will contest involving fifteen millions.

It is probable that he will lecture in Spokane, St. Paul, Chicago, and several cities on his way back to New York.

Did you ever hear why the Colonel strenuously objects to being "introduced" to an audience when he mounts the rostrum?

Several years ago he lectured in Jamestown. The mayor, a worthy man of German descent and an ardent Ingersolian, was extremely desirous to present the orator to his townspeople.

His admiration, however, was greater than his gifts as a speaker. Overcome by the weighty character of the ceremony he stammered, and stammered and looked the picture of nervous discomfort. Finally he wound up his remarks with—

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have the—er—honor to introduce the orator whose name is known from—er—from ocean to ocean—that is to say, it is a household word—Mr. Mr.—Mr.—"

"My name's Ingersoll," prompted the Colonel, realizing that in the mayor's confusion the household word had vanished from his memory. The house roared, of course.

After that Ingersoll put his foot down on public "introductions" of any description.

WHERE IT STANDS.

Albany Evening Journal, Jan. 17.

THE MIRROR is the best dramatic newspaper in this country.

AUTHORSHIP OF CREDIT LORRAINE

Mary Palmer Reese, a Kansas-City journalist, says that she wrote Credit Lorraine, the play in which Lillian Lewis has been starring this season and which she is giving to that portion of the world that patronizes her performances as the work of her husband Lawrence Marston.

Mrs. Reese explains that a couple of years ago she dramatized Dr. Greene's story "The Darling of an Empire," and read it to Miss Lewis and Mr. Marston. They waxed enthusiastic and made suggestions, which were adopted.

Mr. Marston got the MS. and hung on to it. While Mrs. Palmer was negotiating with Dr. Greene for the rights of stage representation, he jumped in and bought them himself for about \$600.

Then Mr. Marston made certain alterations in the drama, announced it as his own and ignored Mrs. Palmer completely. She has received neither cash nor *cuotas* for the use of her work.

ITS PLACE.

Albany Argus, Jan. 18.

THE PRIVATE MIRROR is in the van of theatrical publications.

THE LOUISIANIAN.

Edward M. Alfriend has written a play called The Louisianian, which is to be produced at a special matinee at the Madison Square Theatre about the middle of March.

The period of the story is from 1807-1815, and the characters will appear in the costumes of the First Empire. The first and fourth acts take place in New Orleans, while the second and the third acts are located in Paris.

The part of the hero, Henri St. Armand, is to be played by E. J. Henley, and Mary Hampton will be seen in the principal female character. Other characters will be assumed by members of A. M. Palmer's stock company.

Mr. Alfriend is of Southern birth, and his play deals with incidents and scenes with which he is thoroughly familiar.

A PROUD DISTINCTION.

Boston Post, Jan. 18.

THE MIRROR is the one clean and able journal devoted to its [the dramatic profession's] interests.

RIPE FOR THE COURTS.

It begins to look as if the strained relations between Edgar Selden, star, and Daniel Shelby, manager, would result in litigation. Last week Mr. Selden announced that Mr. Shelly had no claim whatever on his services, but the manager told a MIRROR representative the other day that he had.

"I don't like to stir up dirty water," said Mr. Shelly, "but Mr. Selden's remarks in *The Mirror* force me to make plain my position. From my own experience, from the opinions of old managers and from what my lawyer says, I have come to the conclusion that my closing up the season when I did

does not invalidate my five years' contract with Mr. Selden in any way nor my interest in the play of *Will o' the Wisp*.

"You know the old proverb about the ease with which you may lead a horse to water, but the extreme difficulty you may experience in making the equine drink. In the same way I do not hold that I can make Mr. Golden play under my management, but I can and will prevent him from playing in *Will o' the Wisp*, or any other play under anybody's management but mine. I offered to make a fair compromise with Mr. Golden, but he refused.

"For my own part I leave it to any manager whether my course was not wise, when, upon finding that playing in one-night stands did not pay, I closed season, paid all obligations, and then jumped in here for the purpose of filling up next season with good week stands."

CLEAN, INDEPENDENT, RELIABLE.

New York Truth, Jan. 18.

THE MIRROR is now and has always been a clean, independent and reliable paper.

OLD AND NEW PLAY PIRATES.

The pirate play is still carried by several barnstorming companies, who thus eke out an unprofitable existence, when they might easily prove honesty to be the best policy by renouncing the precarious sale of stolen goods.

W. H. Hoyt's Comedy company holds a conspicuous place of dishonor in the ranks of these dramatic outlaws. H. L. Averill, the sharing manager of the Barre Opera House, at Barre, Vt., has written to Gustave Frohman concerning these people as follows:

"Can nothing be done to stop the performances of these pirated plays here? This week they do besides *Held by the Enemy*, Miss Fogg's Ferry and Hazel Kirke. Now, if I had owned or held a strict lease of the house, I would have prevented it, but as I don't, I cannot. It hurts business for legitimate companies, and I want it stopped. Will do anything I can to assist you."

The Hoyt aggregation was coolly advertised in the *Weekly Enterprise* of Barre to provide a seventy-five cents-entertainment for tenents and to open with Annie Pixley's four-act comedy, *Miss*. In the adjoining column a "press notice" from the *Bristol Herald* assures the public that the Hoyt Comedy company is superior to either the Lewis or Henry companies. The clipping was furnished us by J. Clarkson Taylor, who writes that he deems it the duty of all readers to lend whatever aid is in their power towards assisting THE MIRROR in exposing that class of dramatic vampires known as play pirates.

Charles Frohman told a MIRROR reporter that an injunction was served on the Hoyt Comedy company to stop the performance of *Held by the Enemy* at Barre, Vt.

Mr. Frohman seems determined to stop piratical interpretations of W. H. Gillette's plays. On Saturday last through his attorneys, Messrs. Silverston, Murphy and Brodie, of Portland, Oregon, he served an injunction on Mr. Cordray, who was to have presented *Held by the Enemy* in that city on Monday night under the title of *Across the Line*. Mr. Cordray's piratical proclivities were exposed in a recent issue of THE MIRROR.

Sarah E. Phipps, of Rochester, N. Y., complains that her comedy-drama called *Geophilic* is being pirated by a company that started out last September or October. She says she cannot afford to lose the play or the money it ought to bring her, and wishes us to publish the name of the play, and state that the manuscript is being used dishonestly by dramatic sharks.

J. Duke Murray sends THE MIRROR a catalogue of stolen manuscript plays that was received last week by W. P. Howe, manager of the Opera House at Westfield, Mass. It is needless to call attention to the fact that the notorious Byers is still at his old tricks.

Finally, we are in receipt of a communication from a member of the Martin Golden company concerning the announcement in last week's MIRROR, that Judah, now being presented at Palmer's Theatre, had been pirated by Martin Golden.

"This is a serious mistake," writes Mr. Golden's advocate. "While we are playing Pennsylvania towns, we are not playing Judah. Judah was performed by this company, but not until September last, and then only for two or three performances, once in Kokomo, Ind., and once in Henderson, Ky. Moreover, there is not a manager in the profession to-day who deals more seriously with pirates than Mr. Golden."

Very well, he should at once begin to deal seriously with himself, for he had no right whatever to Judah, even for a single performance. Besides, our voluminous communicator well knows who it was supplied us with the facts of the case, and that we are also indebted to the same source for the information that Mr. Golden's repertoire includes *The Martyr*, Evelyn, Colonel Sellers, Our Bachelors, Little Duchess, and The Manager."

And from whom, pray, did Mr. Golden obtain the rights to this tempting repertoire? Until he can make out a better case, we shall have to include him in the list of piratical sinners.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

CARRIE HULL, who joined Grimes' Cellar Door recently, is reported to have made a hit.

CHARLOTTE M. WAYLAND will leave The Irish Corporation on Feb. 1.

E. E. RICE will shortly put *Mestayer's* farce-comedy, *The Grab Bag*, on the road.

J. J. FELLSMITH joined Maud Granger's company at Mobile recently.

RAGLAN'S WAY closed season at Troy on Saturday night.

H. J. HIRSCHBERG, who was engaged for *The Witch*, has made quite a success, it is reported, in the part of the Indian.

CHARLES SAVIERS has left the Hardie-Von Leer company.

H. W. GROSICK, a clever young tenor, has been engaged for the Irish Luck company. He joined the organization on Monday.

VERNER CLARKE has been engaged to Noah's Ark.

INEZ SHEPPARD has left the Zoro company.

BEAURE LIEU, at present with the Redmond-Barry company, will leave that organization on Feb. 1.

LYDIA PIERCE has been engaged for The U. S. Mail.

LOUISE RAYMOND, the star of Eagle's Nest, has recovered from a serious illness.

LAURA LYONS, who left the Dixey company, a short time ago, will be married in a few weeks to a non-professional. She will retire from the stage.

R. H. GIERMAN, the musical director, has been engaged for the Soap Bubble company.

MURVYN LEITCHWELL contemplates a Spring tour in his new play, *Blue Grass*.

ELLA BENDER, who was ill for a couple of weeks, has recovered, and joined the Zoro company.

BERKHA LIVINGSTON, lately of Rehman's Night Off company, is lying seriously ill at her house in this city.

JOHN BUNNY has left The Fakir company, and his place has been taken by Alf. Hampton.

LOUISE GALLOWAY played the soutre part in *Lost in London* at Williamsburg on very short notice last Saturday night. She acquitted herself creditably.

SEIDY BROWN has been engaged for Charles Frohman's company, to appear at Herrmann's Theatre shortly.

THE Bear Little Shamrock company, which sought the protection of the metropolis a week or so ago, will probably go out again.

SHEPHERD BARNES has been engaged to support M. B. Curtis in *Sam'l of Posen*.

GRAVE SHERWOOD, formerly of Blue Jeans, is now starring in *The Two Thieves*. A recent addition to the latter organization is Emile LeCroix, who joined it last Thursday in Pennsylvania.

JOHN GILROY, of The Fakir company, has been re-engaged for next season.

THE Louise Dempsey company, which will go to the Pacific coast shortly, will not, it is said, play the notorious Cort circuit.

HARRY HINE will star Schmitz Edwards, the comedian, next season in a play written by that actor entitled *Bye-and-Bye*.

THE Beacon Lights company jumped last week from New Orleans to Paterson, N. J.

EVAN DONNETT has been engaged for the Roberts-Saier Faust and Marguerite company.

AGNES LANE has received an offer to play the leading business in Cordray's stock company at Portland, Ore.

GLASSFORD'S New York Theatre company is said to be pirating Fogg's Ferry and other plays in New Jersey towns.

HARRY PEEL, of the Fogg's Ferry company, who has been at the City Hospital in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., since Jan. 3 is improving and will be able to join his company in a few days.

THE Opera House at Winona, Minn., was completely destroyed by fire on the night of the 21st. Maggie Mitchell's company were playing there. They lost some baggage.

"It is all over for me" were the last words of the late Helene Adell spoke on the stage. She was playing Lady Nottingham in the tragedy of *Essex*.

FRANCIS GAILLARD has returned to this city from San Francisco.

BERTHA FISCH, of the Pearl of Pekin company, lost at the Grand Opera House, San Antonio, Tex., at their Wednesday matinee, Dec. 17, jewelry valued at \$700, consisting of several valuable rings and a new watch and chain. Manager Stevens remained in San Antonio after his company left, hoping to recover the stolen property. Two boys were arrested on the evidence of a gentleman, who saw them sneaking from Miss Fisch's dressing room during the performance, but manager Mullaly of the Opera House testified that these boys were honest and they were released. After remaining two days in San Antonio, Manager Stevens was obliged to rejoin his company, and nothing since has been heard of the missing valuables.

SHAKESPEARE IN ALBANY.

A paper read at the Shakespeare Night of the Albany Press Club, Jan. 10, 1860.

I have been asked to contribute a five minute essay upon Shakespeare in Albany. My first thought was that five minutes would be quite too long a time for a discussion of that subject; it must needs be as brief as the famous chapter on Snakes in Ireland. Shakespeare had not only never been in Albany, but he had never been in America and what is far more remarkable, there is in all his works but a single allusion to indicate that he was aware such a country existed.

This is a fact for which I have never seen an adequate explanation.

America was discovered in 1492.

There is no question about the date I believe, except in Chicago, where it is solemnly averred that the great event did not take place till a year later—with the prospect of further postponement, if necessary.

But 1492 is good enough for us in this State, or would have been had Tammany Hall and Tom Platt let the World's Fair alone as it is, no one but John Boyd Thacher cares now whether Columbus discovered America, or America discovered Columbus. But let that pass.

Fifty years before the birth of Shakespeare in 1564—all Europe had heard of the discoveries of John and Sebastian Cabot, and of Amerigo Vespuccius, as well as those made on the four several voyages of Columbus. America was as well an established fact then, as England is to-day, yet Shakespeare, "the universal Shakespeare," has in all his voluminous writings but one direct allusion to this great and glorious country.

And that one is not particularly respectful.

One of the Dromios, you will remember, is describing the fat kitchen wench, who, much to his seeming disgust, is in love with him, one that claims him, that haunts him, that will have him, she is fat and greasy, and all dirt. Noah's flood could not cleanse her, she is as wide from hip to hip as she is long from head to foot.

"She is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her."

And he proceeds to do in language more graphic than polite. He locates Scotland and England and Spain and France, and finally is asked:

"Where America, the Indies?"

"Oh, sir, upon her nose," is the response, and this because it was so fiery red, "embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires."

Bad enough, truly, but worse remains behind.

If there had ever been any doubts of Shakespeare being an Englishman—and until my friend, Mr. Waldron, in *The Dramatic Mirror*, so happily dispelled them, there were doubts of his having been anybody—his contemptuous allusion to the original as well as to the greater Ireland, would have proved his nationality beyond a peradventure.

But times have changed. Had Shakespeare lived three hundred years later, he would not only have alluded to America and to Ireland with the most profound respect, but he would have written a play with *Home Rule* for a subject, and the *American Hog* for a hero.

And he would have brought over the whole *Globe Theatre* company and we would have had them in Albany, playing with George Oliver for 90 per cent. of the gross receipts.

And the *Bard of Avon* would have gone back to Stratford with money enough to buy the whole town and paint it any color he thought best.

But let bygones be bygones. We in Albany forgave the gentle William long ago; we never had a grudge against him, or if we did, we agreed to call it even—after Gladling played *Macbeth*.

Seriously, however, Shakespeare in Albany, must be interpreted to mean some reference to the Shakespearean actors who have appeared in this city, and they have been many and distinguished.

The oldest Albany play-bill in existence contains the cast of a Shakespearean comedy—*Katherine and Petruchio*—which was performed Dec. 13, 1785, in the Albany hospital.

It was proper enough, no doubt, that Shakespeare should have been taken at once to the hospital, for he was sure to be mangled, and very likely murdered. The comedy was preceded by a dance and a eulogy on Freemasonry. It was useless in these days to attempt to conciliate the church people, so the poor players did the next best thing and made themselves solid with the masonic fraternity.

The next Shakespearean representation of any note was, as far as we can learn, the first production in Albany of *Hamlet*, *Prince of Denmark*, with that wonderful boy, John Howard Payne, in the title role. Remembered now almost solely as the author of "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne was, in his youth, an actor of unusual promise, and at this time was only twenty years old. What is still more remarkable, at the age of fourteen, he wrote, edited and published the *Thespian Mirror*, keeping his connection with the venture as much of a

secret as possible for fear of parental discipline for having anything to do with the theatre. The complete file of this publication in my possession, shows it to be something far different from the amateur journals with which the boys of this generation amuse themselves by printing on a toy press, it compares favorably with the critical magazines of the day, and its opinions were of so much weight as to attract the attention of the *New York Evening Post*, a writer on that paper announcing that he was about to reply to them. Amazement on this. *Mugwump* sat when he learned that he was conducting a controversy with a lad scarce in his teens.

A feeling akin perhaps to that aroused in the breast of a well-known press agent who a few weeks since inquired for the dramatic writer on one of the Albany papers, and was told to come in again at 2 o'clock—he hadn't got back from school.

The first star in the old Pearl Street Theatre, the front of which is still the front of Jacobs' Opera House, was Junius Brutus Booth in *Richard III*, his most popular character—one in which he occasionally improved upon both Shakespeare and Colley Cibber by steadfastly refusing to die, in the last act, and on one night in New York persevered in his new "reading" till he had backed the virtuous Richmond out of the stage door into the street.

His son, John Wilkes Booth, was cast in the same maniacal mould, and on his only regular engagement in New York city in the same character departed from his illustrious father's methods by driving his antagonist head-first over the footlights into the orchestra, breaking his sword-arm. The plucky Richmond, however, clambered back and renewed the fight with his left arm, amid the deafening applause of the audience.

John Wilkes Booth was addicted to accidents, two of which befel him in Albany. His first appearance here was as *Romeo* (Feb. 11, 1841). The second night of his engagement, while playing *Pescara*, he fell upon his dagger, which entered his right arm pit, inflicting a wound from which the blood flowed freely, and obliged him to act the next night with his arm in a sling. He put up at Stanwix Hall. That very night, Abraham Lincoln, on his way to be inaugurated in Washington, slept at the Delavan. For the first time in their lives, probably, but one short block lay between the man destined by Heaven to strike the chains from six million bondmen, and the man fated by Hell to become the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. An inch or two deeper cut of that dagger in the Little Green Street *Gaiety* would have wrought a change in history impossible to measure.

Three weeks later Henrietta Irving, then a young and dashing actress, now a chaste and refined representative of old women's parts, rushed into Booth's room at the Stanwix and undertook to carve his classic features with a dagger. She meant business—not advertisement—and it was with difficulty that she was restrained from inflicting a mortal injury upon the actor who had aroused her displeasure, but fate once more intervened, the maddened woman was disarmed, and the life of John Wilkes Booth was saved to be ended at last like that of a mad dog—unwept, unpitied save by the mother who bore him, and perhaps by that brother in whose mournful eyes can still be read the traces of a sorrow to which the melancholy of *Hamlet* is as but a passing shadow.

The question is often asked: "Which of the younger Booths was the better actor, Edwin, or John Wilkes?" "The palm has been awarded," says a satirical writer, "with great unanimity, to John Wilkes—by those who never saw either."

But to return to the elder Booth and to Shakespeare. During the elder Booth's first engagement of twelve nights in Albany, he was announced for as many different characters, among which, beside *Richard*, were *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Shylock*.

Edwin Forrest began his engagement as a stock actor in the Albany theatre by playing *Macduff* to the *Macbeth* of William Augustus Conway, a tall and handsome actor, with whom, when she was eighty years of age, Mrs. Fiozzi, the friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, fell curiously in love, and wrote him letters which would not have been out of place in *Poems of Passion*. Poor Conway! His professed love refused by the famous Miss O'Neill, a victim to the scathing criticism of Hook, and pestered by the amorous attentions of a woman old enough to be his grandmother—no wonder that his perturbed spirit sought rest at last, in the bosom of the Atlantic.

Conway on his first visit to Albany played *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Petruchio* and *Coriolanus*.

On the 5th of December, 1825, Edmund Kean began his only Albany engagement, in *Richard III*. Edwin Booth has recently alluded to him as "perhaps the first really great tragedian that ever trod the English stage"—a graceful tribute to one who was the elder Booth's victorious rival. Whether he surpassed Cooke, Kemble, Garrick, or Betterton, must always remain a matter of speculation.

That he was a very great actor no one pretends to dispute. But he was under a cloud at the time he visited Albany. A divorce suit in which he had figured *à la Parnell*, had raised a storm of scandal in England, while it was not forgotten in this country that on a previous visit, he had shown contempt for Boston by declining to play there one hot night, after he had been announced, because the house was small. On his return to America, his first appearance in New York was signalized by a riot that nearly drove him out of the theatre.

Kean did not know what sort of a reception awaited him here, but there was nothing to be afraid of—our love for Boston was not so great in those times to make it obligatory on us to take up their quarrel, and our moral sense was not, perhaps, what it ought to have been, at all events, the theatre was crowded to the doors, and Kean's reception was all that he could wish.

During this engagement Forrest played second to Kean—Richmond to his *Richard*, Iago to his *Othello*, etc. They never played together again but each retained a highly favorable opinion of the other, and Forrest came to regard Kean as the god of his theatrical idolatry—as, indeed, he might.

The same season Thomas A. Cooper, the first great American actor, played a long engagement, but the only Shakespearean play recorded, in which he appeared, was *Macbeth*.

In 1827 (May 7), William Charles Macready appeared as *Hamlet* the night Jesse Strang shot and killed John Whipple, a tragedy in real life far more exciting than anything the mimic world could produce.

To catalogue all the actors who have appeared in Shakespearean parts in this city would make a not very profitable and not very entertaining essay. To go into detail with regard to them would spin this paper to an intolerable length. It is interesting to note, however, that in 1827 Charlotte Cushman, then in the stock company of the Albany theatre, as Forrest had been before her, made her first appearance as *Lady Macbeth* to the *Macbeth* of the elder Booth. Here she entered into practice of roles, in which afterwards she became famous. One of these was *Romeo*, and it is on record that no male Romeo was ever more successful than this greatest of American actresses.

But it is not necessary to confine ourselves to musty playbills, dusty newspapers or the dim recollection of elderly people to consider notable Shakespearean performances in Albany. There may be those present, who remember with pleasure, that brilliant combination of beauty, youth and genius expressed in the persons of Scott-Siddons and Walter Montgomery when they played at the Trindle in 1821. It was Walter Montgomery who first brought off Mrs. Siddons, and they happened to meet here in Albany, and played an engagement in which were presented *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Othello*, etc. Their love-making had all the fervor and intensity of reality, and was an object-lesson in the school of Cupid that set the whole town a-talking. It was Walter Montgomery's last visit to Albany. A short time afterward—only a few days after his marriage to Winnetta Montague (who also captured Albany with her fascinations, and was so universal in her schemes that she even played for the benefit of the manager of the Young Men's Christian Association)—this brilliant actor, who might have stood on the topmost round of the ladder, took his own life, and died as the fool died.

Three times did Albany have a glimpse of that glorious vision of beauty—Adelaide Neilson—who better, probably, than Mrs. Jordan, to whom Charles Lamb applied the term—deserved to be called Shakespeare's woman.

In her, of all women the English or American stage has ever seen, dwelt the spirit and the soul, as well as the physical embodiment, of Verona's fairest daughter.

To her delightful Rosalind, Miss Ada Rehan played the part of Celia, for the first, perhaps the only time in her life. Since then she herself has become the most famous and probably the best Rosalind, barring none, either in this country, or in Europe. It will be a pleasure for the future historian of the Albany stage, to link her name with this

good old city, although if the truth must be told, her performances here were not always appreciated as Mr. Albaugh's bank account said.

It was Albany's great good fortune shared, I believe, by but one or two cities in America, to see John McCullough and Mary Anderson in Shakespearean performances on the same stage. So important an event brought William Winter here from his Staten Island home, but Albanians did not consider it of sufficient importance to fill the house.

Of the great representatives of the Southern school of acting, Albany has seen in Shakespearean roles, Fechter, Ross and Salvini.

Setting at naught the traditions of the English stage, they have interpreted the Universal Shakespeare from their own point of view, bringing about their ears much severe criti-

cism, but touching the heart and the imagination, as actors reared in a colder school have never done, or are likely to do.

Fechter was to me the most wonderful, although not perhaps the greatest actor I have ever seen. He came to Albany in his decadence, broken in spirit, crippled in body, the slave to stimulants, the victim of disease, yet his *Hamlet* showed something of the beauty which won such glowing encomiums from Dickens, from Yates, and from many other of the best critics in England and the United States.

It was my good fortune to have seen him several years previous, in Boston, when he was at the height of his popularity. Kate Field has said of him that in New York and Philadelphia he was admired, but in Boston he founded a religion. It was a religion however, that was as vigorously opposed as it was zealously propagated. He certainly overthrew tradition, but in no single instance without a reason. I saw his *Hamlet* there three times, and must contend that it was the most human, the most sympathetic *Hamlet* that has ever been made known. Ross's methods were similar, their school was the same and the effects were much alike.

Of Salvini's *Othello* there can be but one opinion. It stands in the world of art, as the capitol which crowns the hill above us lifts itself above the churches, the dwellings and public buildings which make up the city of Albany. There have been but few ideal *Othellos*. Edmund Kean ranks as high as any actor of the past. Few living are able to remember, much less describe his acting, but the very fact that he was but five feet four, must have handicapped him, even in this his greatest character—for *Othello* should fill the eye, and that Salvini does this beyond compare needs no argument. His acting is indescribably great. It is no fault of the American tragedians that they cannot approach him. His gifts are from Heaven. He possesses the artistic temperament to a degree not permitted to those born elsewhere than under the skies of Italy. Art has always had less limitation there than in all the world beside. It is indigenous to the soul and climate, as invention and enterprise are to those of our own country. Italy could no more give birth to an Edison than America to a Michael Angelo. Salvini by birthright is himself alone, and *Othello* is his masterpiece. Those who have seen it may congratulate themselves on the fact that neither in the past has it been excelled, nor in the future will it be equalled. It is in my estimation, the grandest height attainable in dramatic art.

Did my time and your patience permit, I might speak of other actors whom Albany has seen in Shakespearean characters, of the Davenport-Barrett combination in their superb presentation of *Julius Caesar* of the too infrequent visits of Edwin Booth of the brilliant stage life of America's great artist, Mary Anderson of the gothic strength of Jananschek's *Lady Macbeth*, of the artistic personations of Madame Modjeska, and of the beautiful production of *Twelfth Night* by Marie Wainwright. But life is short. My five minutes were up, long ago.

I may say in closing, that with the exception of George Frederick Cooke and Henry Irving, all the great Shakespearean actors speaking the English language, who have played in America at all, have played in Albany. Shakespeare has been well represented here, however poorly he may have been patronized.

And with the most profound respect for the closest students of Shakespeare, of whom there must be many in Albany—and no matter what may be said by my friend Mr. Hoyt, who to address you upon "The Harm the Stage has done to Shakespeare"—I must contend for my belief that, without the theatre, Shakespeare would be an unopened book to thousands who now know his acted plays almost by heart.

We may declare with Lamb, that the tragedies are not suited to the stage because of their great excellence, and because our ideals of *Lear* and *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* are not always realized, but I venture to say that, to nine persons out of ten, until a play of Shakespeare has been seen, it remains a play not understood.

"For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Stills but a glance of time.
But by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb."

H. P. PHELPS.

A RARE EXCEPTION.

San Francisco Examiner, Jan. 10.

Papers devoted exclusively to the interests of any profession are seldom interesting reading to any one outside the pale, but Mr. Fiske always makes his paper readable and attractive to those who have an interest in, but no direct connection with the stage. Some of the essays on dramatic art and some of the criticisms on plays and players that appear in the columns of *The Minnow* would not be out of place in the pages of our best magazines.

NEWS FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Jan. 10, 1891.

A pair of spectacles has now taken on a new lease of prosperous life here because of having been fitted to the eyes of the Prince of Wales and his guests at a private performance in the Sandringham country house.

Such a royal baptism of a play gives it great prestige among English playgoers. Did not such a baptism make the fortune of that aesthetic version of *The Serious Family*, when called *The Colonel*? John Hass and his Warwick company were getting perfunctory rather at their Charing Cross house, but now since they have landed in the hospitable residence of future Kings, eaten a fine supper and been whisked back to London in a special train they play with freshness.

The function at Surrey Lane for *Twelfth Night* was indeed a "what can go" performance. The cards of invitation were broadcast by Manager Harris, but no reference to the old comedian Reddick, his neatest, or his sake, although senator Fernandez made amends to the memory of the devisor in a clever speech. Lady Danby, in a proscenium box, attended by her husband, the future Lord Chancery, played "beauty" and the Belle-Boîte of the evening, while many a "beast" at supper gulped the same dishes and the extraordinary liquid bottled as champagne. Every partaker of the merriment which I have since met, seemed in a chorus about his next morning headache.

Lady Louisa Spanker (Mrs. R. Beales), escorted by Lordesborough, who looked rather grim as perhaps he thought of the losses he had lost over Babell and Roser, was in the box opposite the Irmers. The affair was a grand advertisement for the manager, and especially in his deserving aspirations for Parliament.

There is a press chorus of reference to Willard over the revival of *The Silver King* by Wilson Barrett. The chorus, taking up the character of the Spider, in which Mr. Middleman Judah was so "dy," sings: "Oh, Willard, we have missed you." The critics stick polished needles into the Emery who plays Nellie Demer. Meanwhile she continues to advise actresses how to act in articles contributed to a flimsy, school-girl weekly news paper called *Home*. She is to have a good part in the new drama *Father Bonaparte*, that Mr. Barrett is rehearsing, and in which he is to play, by way of versatility, a grandfatherly Whitehead part. When he goes into the provinces in the Spring, his large, new Olympia is to be used by Signor Lazo for a short opera season, in which Patti, Aliberti and Sciacchitano are promised.

First night tickets are out for the opening of the new Vandeville Theatre in a few days and as to what the cable will inform you, Jerome's Wood-barrow Farm will be well given, judging from rehearsals. Apropos, Jerome has just collaborated with Madame in a new drama. It is a lovely daughter who, inheriting her father's talent, may become a future Mrs. Inchbold, a name that just about describes the size and appearance of this new champion baby whose first dramatic reading will probably be Ibsen's *Doll's House*.

A "Mummer" as he signs himself in the Newcastle *Chronicle*, has been describing Henry Irving's first appearance at the old theatre in that city of coal. He writes that, although H. I. was in a small part, his "appearance and care of toilet" of the eighteenth century, betokened the accuracy and care which has always marked his preparation and makeup. His first speech, it seems, was to pronounce the words "Success to our enterprise." They have certainly proved prophetic for him. His Much Ado is again charming the Lyceum. The revival is notable for Wenman's Leonato and the Dogberry of Mackintosh in that, under Irving's scholarship, they deprive the characters of traditional conventionalities and award new and delicate renderings. In his speech H. I. made a criticism in two words. He referred to Much Ado as "this happy play."

Pleasant echoes come from the Australian colonies as to the success of William Rignold in Falstaff. Of course, this brother of Henry V. is Falstaff in natural size, face, voice, vanity and roistering. His only assumption has to be of selfishness, for naturally he is generous. He makes a good Falstaff for a reason similar to that which made Devonport so imitable as Sir Bedeville-overmuch and Hackett so good as Falstaff. The father of the late Recorder was in private life a thorough Falstaff.

One of the papers here referring to the death of Emma Abbott, says rather cynically that she will pass into operatic history as the only prima donna who would not avail herself of a doctor's certificate to shirk an appearance. With additional cynicism, the writer adds, "but then she was her own manager." Musical Agent Vert here says she was engaged by him for a concert tour in England.

O. H.

THE DRAMA IN ITALY.

ROMA, Jan. 8, 1891.

Everyone acquainted with the stage knows that many a popular low comedian began his career in a leading tragic role part. The low comedian laughs at this himself in after years when he has gained fame, name and wealth by making others laugh, and rejoices to think that he found out his specialty in time.

Rarely, on the other hand, does a low comedian discover, after years of triumph in the art of laughter, that he has chosen the wrong track, and that his specialty should be tragedy. And yet that is what our comedian Novelli has discovered; and although the public, accustomed to consider him in the light of a Court buffoon, hesitated to see in him a Hamlet, Othello, Louis XI., etc., yet he is now nightly appearing in one of these parts, to the delight of his more intellectual critics.

In Louis XI., indeed, he is sublime, and arouses even the most incredulous to a frenzy of enthusiasm. His triumph is all the greater, because it has overcome the obstacles raised by his former triumphs as a low comedian.

He has also appeared in a new play, translated from the Spanish, called *The New Play*. This piece is not unlike *Twelfth Night*, in some of the scenes and mirthiness I have seen it in English under another name. It is the story of an actor, called Véronick, and the scene takes place in England. This Véronick's Love, adapted by Howells and played by Barrett. —Editor DRAMATIC MIRROR.

Véronick, like Novelli himself, has always played comedy parts, but has at last an opportunity to play a tragic role in a betrayed husband. While he is studying his lines aloud, he enters his wife's room, where he finds her with a friend. The wife does not know that Véronick is merely acting his new part, but thinks that he really knows the truth and she falls at his feet to implore his pardon. Véronick remains as indignant. A friend who is present manages to calm him but doubts his beloved husband and he suffers a heartbreak of conscience.

Things might have been arranged, in time, to bring out a modern tragic discourse, but, after

the guilty wife to her lover, and given it to the poor player during the first representation of the new tragedy. In his fury and despair, Véronick kills his wife's lover on the stage as if it were a part of the real tragedy.

It is a modern imitation of Othello and Iago reduced for a modern jet audience. Nevertheless, it is not without a certain amount of interest, and Novelli is splendid in the part.

A learned critic, writing in the *gazette* of the modern Italian stage, regrets that English playgoers are little known in Italy.

Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, Denmark and Sweden, he says, "have English plays performed on their principal stages, and why should Italy have the same?" The *Millefiori*, for instance, might be a success here, as also *Puccini* and *Verdi*'s plays. They would be far preferable to the fifty French *comédies*, which are paid their weight in gold, and only succeed in disgusting right-minded people.

Henri Bouquet's *Parisienne*, for instance, has been a dead failure in Milan. It is very like *Marco Praga's* *ideal Wife*, which I described to you not long ago.

Give them really good things, and the Italian public will enjoy them. They are not so thoroughly rotten as the French public are.

To wit, Sutermann's *Honor* has proved a magnificent success in Milan, where *Be-que's* *Parisienne* was a solemn failure. The Milanese were bewildered by the importance of the work, which was given for the first time without a word of puffing. It came, was seen, and conquered.

The great Italian dramatic author, Serafina, has written a play for Sarah Bernhardt. He went to Paris expressly to read it to her, and she was so delighted with it that she would have liked to delay her visit to America in order to play it in Paris before leaving. But as this could not be done, it is very likely that New York may see it before Paris. It may also be given in English at the same time, and perhaps by Mrs. Langtry.

Serafina is also the author of that charming sketch, *A Game of Chess*, which Wilson Barrett has bought for England, and will shortly produce in London.

Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* has been translated into German, with the title of *A Sicilian Peasant's Honor*, and is shortly to be given in Dresden.

The opera, as I have already told you, is taken from Verga's one-act play of the same name. The play, however, would never have crossed the Alps had it not been for Mascagni's music.

An Italian correspondent, writing from New York which he has perhaps never visited, complains that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's repertoire is so restricted. Here the stars change their pieces every night.

"One would think," he innocently adds, "that the Kendals were two celebrities, whereas, the fact is, that Mr. Kendal is a good sort of fellow and a gentleman, but a mediocre actor, whilst Mrs. Kendal plays with ease and naturalness, and is more cultivated, with delicate feelings and intellect, but is nothing to speak of as an actress."

Margaret Matson is accused by the same intelligent critic of speaking with an American nasal accent, and screaming and gesticulating to excess, "but this pleases the American public, who think Miss Matson a Bernhardt."

The whole article, in fact, is an ill-humored satire on the American stage and American artists, though Italy has nothing to compare to either, search it as we would.

The Roman Opera season seems likely to prove a success as I expected, when I saw the programme. Old operas and an inferior company cannot draw that is certain.

At the Nazionale Theatre, on the contrary, they are coming gold with Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, almost unknown here. Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, also unknown to the present generation of playgoers. The *life* of Roman society thus forsakes the secondary theatre and forsakes the "Grand" opera. So much for good management over bad management.

Nothing else new. More I hope, next month.

S. P. Q. R.

FOREIGN FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Henry Arthur Jones' new play *The Dancing Girl* was produced at the London Haymarket last Thursday week. A cable dispatch announces that it was a success and that Mr. Jones was called out at the end of the third act and applauded. There is not much likelihood of the acting rights being secured for America.

A London dramatist has written an entirely new play for Miss Fortescue. An English exchange announces that she will star in it next season.

Sunlight and Shadow will be put on for a run in London about the same time that it will be seen at the Madison Square Theatre in New York. George Alexander will produce it at the St. James' on Feb.

The news that Jules Claretie was about to resign from the directorship of the Comédie-Française in favor of M. Larroumet is confirmed. M. Larroumet has been for many years connected with the administration of the Fine Arts Department. A better man to watch over the destinies of the first stage in the world could not be found.

Berghain Tree will produce in London the new play that C. Haddon Chambers is writing for the New York Lyceum.

Alphonse Boulet has just had his new comedy *L'Obstacle* produced at the Paris Gymnase. Its success, by all reports, was one of esteem only. The story that of hereditary insanity is old and is said to be not particularly well treated.

Another elaborate production of *Jeanne d'Arc* is being prepared in Paris. It will occur at the Théâtre du Gymnase, with Madame Segond-Weber in the title-role. As the *jeune* Weber will probably succeed in redeeming the prominent position she held three years ago after her debut in *Coppélia* and *Jacobites*.

The farce burlesque on the above subject was done in London last Saturday week and is said to have been successful.

Josephine Pons, the Italian "matron," who has recently made me name of international fame, has written a sketch with Sarah Bernhardt's *ideal Wife*

view. It is entitled *The Lady of Châlant*. The poet has been accepted by Sarah, and it is reported that she will produce it for the first time during her New York engagement.

The *Master of Woodbarrow* has been produced in London, and, according to a telegram received, was not a starting success.

The name of Ross Caron, the phenomenal singer of the Paris Opera, appears in the French *Journal* of swimming the nominations for the decoration of Officer of Public Instruction.

J. L. Toole, the famous English comedian, is due back in London from the antipodes early in February.

Marie Van Zandt's twenty-ninth birthday occurs this year. Compose all sonnets of congratulations to the tune of "Darling, you are growing old."

London telegram says that Aubrey, the young son of Lord Bonaparte, is about to create a sensation by marrying a widow who is in her forties. The lady is the mother of a young girl, who is to become the wife of Aubrey's financial backer. Like most London telegrams, this may be taken ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~good~~ ^{good} news.

Sydney Grundy, the English dramatist, and Clement Scott, the critic of the London *Advertiser*, are engaged in deadly warfare. Grundy, in an exceedingly venomous letter to the papers, decries Scott to be the curse of the contemporary stage, while in the *Sunday Times* a writer, who is believed to be Robert Buchanan, takes up the cudgels in Scott's defense. Buchanan says: "If Mr. Scott's influence and power are as great as Mr. Grundy admits, it is because he carries the conviction of great faith in his utterances. You may disagree with them, but you must accept their sincerity of intention if you admit their power. Otherwise they are powerless and impotent. Opinion is only individual after all, and however influential the person who expresses it, and however powerful the paper in which it appears, if it be false and misleading, it will be readily qualified and counteracted by other critics who write their verdicts in other papers. It is, we hope, an exploded fallacy ~~nowadays~~ that critics are mere venal creatures. If they were, public opinion would be too strong for them, and they would sink into deserved impotence and obscurity."

Henry Irving does not appear to be taking the failure of *Ravenswood* philosophically. He felt very sick when he saw what the *Zone* had to say about his production, and in a letter to the proprietors he remonstrates as follows: "May I beg to call your attention to a curious description of the career of Herman Merivale's play at *Ravenswood* published to day in your dramatic record of the past year. The writer says the reception of the play was not a cordial one. This suggests the question: Was the writer present on the first night for *Ravenswood* was received by the public with enthusiasm? *Secondly*, the writer says the play can only three months. The play is running now, and probably will run till the end of our season. I vary our bill between tragedy and comedy, in compliance with ~~what~~ seems to be a public desire. That so powerful an organ as the London *Zone* should assume without grounds that *he* cause I do this the tragedy is a failure is surprising."

But the editor of the *Zone* is not overawed by Mr. Irving's missive. His reply is terse and to the point: "Mr. Irving does not accurately produce expressions which were carefully weighed. It was not said that the reception of *Ravenswood* was not a cordial one. 'Not too cordial' were the words used. Again, the word 'failure' is Mr. Irving's own. The *Zone* said 'comparative non-success.' Lastly Mr. Irving does not mention that the play now occupies the Lyceum stage only once a week."

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MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS

L. HENRY GUY CARLETON.

It is a bold experiment to interview a man during his honeymoon, yet that is what a *Mirror* reporter dared do one evening recently when the snows lay on the ground and the bleak January winds whistled around the street corners.

The man he braved was Henry Guy Carleton, soldier, journalist and dramatist.

Mr. Carleton's married life is one perpetual honeymoon, and in the little flat on Lexington Avenue where he and his charming little wife, Effie Shannon, reside there is every indication that the honey will continue sweet and the moonbeams light for many a year, a pretty picture of conubial bliss.

It is the home of an artist—two artists—this cosy little nest with its polished oak doors, its tasteful appointments, its wild, yet artistic confusion of quaint bric-a-brac, oddly fashioned furniture, Japanese ware and its pervading atmosphere of books and literature.

In a corner of the room a huge exotic soars to the ceiling. On the walls half-a-dozen paintings and proof-engravings, and comfortably installed in a rocker before the fire the *beau idéal* of Ibsen's *Nora*, sitting amid the treasures of her Doll's Home.

A pretty smile and cordial welcome greet the *Mirror* representative.

"Mr. Carleton, I've called to interview you."

"The devil you have!" And Henry Guy settled back in his chair with a sigh of despair.

Carleton is thirty-five years old. He is a thick-set, muscular-looking man, the last man in the world one would take for a man of letters from his appearance. A slight, stubby moustache badly conceals a nervous mouth, and a large, square forehead crowns a pair of restless yet expressive eyes. One sees in Mr. Carleton's face the tenacity and fixity of purpose of the bull-dog. He will probably always carry the distinctive mark of his old military life.

A very noticeable characteristic of Mr. Carleton is his defective speech. It is neither a stammer, nor a stutter, nor a drawl, but a combination of all three. Unlike most stammerers he is not at all sensitive upon the subject, and no one enjoys a laugh at his expense more than he enjoys it himself.

One night, at the Lotus Club, a friend offered him the address of a "Professor who could cure all sufferers in speech."

"Oh, I didn't stutter," said Carleton, "I tut-talk as well as you, but I pup-punctuate in the mumble-middle of my words." And again one night at the *World* office he called to Bill Nye. "Say, Bill, I want to tut-talk to you five mom-minutes. It won't tut-take me over hush-half an hour."

Yet this impediment in his speech does not prevent Mr. Carleton from being one of the most entertaining of talkers. He is well-informed on almost every conceivable subject, and when enthusiastic, as he generally is in expounding his views, he can converse rapidly and with ease from start to finish.

"Tell me how you write your plays, Mr. Carleton, and thus confer a boon on *Mirror* readers. How do you work? Systematically or spasmodically?"

"Well," replied Mr. Carleton, while Mrs. Carleton smiled in her corner by the fire. "I suppose I must confess to an innate affection for the spasmodic method of working. I can't write when I don't feel like it. I don't understand how a man can sit down to his desk when he hasn't an idea in his head and say to himself, 'I'm going to finish that scene before breakfast.' I cannot see what the play gains by it. Sometimes days pass without my touching a pen. During those days of apparent idleness the brain is bearing new ideas. And then the reaction will set in, fierce and strong, and, were you here, you would see me chained at that desk eight or ten hours a day barely stopping long enough to eat. In such cases I have my meals brought to my study. I can't leave the room where I have created and communed with my characters. If I did the illusion would be gone on my return and all would have to be built up over again. I wrote *The Lion's Mouth* in two weeks. There is one scene in it that kept me at work three days and three nights, during which time I didn't get a wink of sleep. Practically, I did not lay my pen down till it was finished."

"But do you not feel the effect of these periodic strains on your nerve tissue?"

"No, I'm strong and can stand almost anything, from an Indian ghost dance to a boarding-house piano."

"How did you first acquire this taste for literature—especially playwriting? Your family has been a family of soldiers, I believe?"

"Yes, my father was a soldier—General James H. Carleton, U. S. A.—and his fathers before him. I look like a *beau sabreur* myself, don't I? Well, my looks belie me. I care more for Academic laurels than those of the battlefield. And I know a little of both. I was in the service three years. All through

my Indian campaign I had a companion that never left me—a handy volume of the divine William, who, by the way, I don't believe in. I believe in the plays but not in Shakespeare. I am a Donnelly disciple, minus the Cryptogram. Well, this volume of Shakespeare never left my saddlebag and many a night, when watching by the camp-fire, I read and re-read *The Swan of Avon*. I believe it was then that I acquired my liking for the drama. It is no longer a liking now; it is a passion.

"Victor Durand has been your most successful dramatic effort yet, has it not?"

"Yes, indeed I might say my only one. The *Pembertons*, which failed so ignominiously, was produced under conditions that courted failure. The fault was not altogether mine. Mr. J. M. Hill thought he had discovered a second Rachel in Miss Edsell. And because Miss Edsell didn't turn out even a fourth-rate Rachel, my play had to suffer."

"Have you hopes of getting your tragedy, *Memon*, produced?"

"We all live in hope. I am no exception. Booth is the only man I can see at present who could play it, but you know what they say about Mr. Booth's ambition being dead. However, I am as proud and fond of *Memon* to-day as I was when I wrote it. Without egotism or vanity, I believe it is a serious contribution to American dramatic literature."

"Fred. Warde is to produce *The Lion's Mouth* in San Francisco early in March."

"Yes, on March 16. I am also under contract to W. H. Crane to write a comedy for him on lines already laid down."

"What do you think of the outlook for the dramatist in this country?"

"I think it was never better nor more encouraging. The recent notorious failures of foreign plays show pretty clearly that some radical change has been working of late in the American public. Either the theatregoer has degenerated in thus changing his taste from the foreign to the domestic, or he has advanced. I incline to the latter hypothesis. Figures are eloquent. Look at the money made by native plays compared with that made by English plays. Compare the receipts of *The Henrietta*, *The Senator*, *Shenandoah* and *Held by the Enemy* with those of *The Middleman*, *The Idler*, *A Pair of Spectacles*. The Kendals made money, yes. It was the extraordinary personality of Mrs. Kendal that did it—not her repertoire. No, let the American dramatist send in his plays to American managers. I do not share the common prejudice which would have us believe that managers like A. M. Palmer, Daniel Frohman, and even Mr. Daly do not take the trouble to examine native work. All plays sent in are carefully read by competent readers, and if a work shows the slightest merit it comes before the eye of the manager. The American manager goes abroad because he can't find what he wants here. But let us show our managers that we can interest and amuse American audiences and we shall find them ready to listen. I don't believe in patriotism in business. But put it on a business basis. Make the American manager see that his better profits lie in the direction of home-made plays."

"Who do you take to be the best judge of a play in this country?"

"Dr. George H. Mallory. During his regime at the Madison Square Theatre the house counted a greater number of legitimate successes than it has in the time of any manager before or since."

"Can you give me an instance?"

"Yes, *Hazel Kirke*, three years' run; *Emeralda*, two years; *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, two years; *May Blossom*, one year. Not one failure. Dr. Mallory analyzes the humanness of a play, while most of the readers look to the dramatic effects only."

"What, in your opinion, are the chief faults the average would-be playwrights' work shows?"

"Lack of life. By this I mean that the characters are merely described, not created. They don't live and breathe. The average work sent in to a manager shows an after lack of dramatic experience. You would be surprised to know how many plays—apparently written by intelligent people—are entirely wanting in local color and feeling. All the business is left to the discretion of the stage-manager or the actor. Now this is a grave fault. The playwright who cannot make his characters breathe and speak as living beings in his own mind, and understand and foresee the 'business' well enough to write it in, has mistaken his vocation. It is not a play he is writing. It is a mere string of words, with what are commonly called 'situations' sandwiched in. The playwright should provide everything—words, situations, business, and leave nothing either to the actor or to the stage-manager. For this last-named functionary, by the way, I have the most profound contempt."

"The stage manager—in America, at least—is an omnious person. Many of them, on the night of the first performance of your play, are fully persuaded they wrote the dialogue, invented the situations, and that

the author is a poor, drivelling creature hardly to be held responsible for his actions. But the level-headed dramatist won't be bulldozed by the stage manager—even though he be Mr. Ben Teal. I do not, of course, deny that the stage manager is useful. I do deny that he is omnipotent, as he fondly imagines he is. The stage manager is mechanical. He sees everything in a mechanical way. He is not an artist in any sense of the word. The author will feel and see a new situation, feel its effect and probable weight on the audience. The stage manager will only be able to gauge its merits if he has seen a similar situation prove successful before."

"Another mistake the young author frequently makes is in strengthening the principal parts to the prejudice of the smaller. Never mind how small a part is, let it be good. Quite recently we had an illustration of the value of this in *The Master of Woodbarrow* at the Lyceum. Rowland Buckstone and Augustus Cooke made bigger hits in their small parts than did the star."

"But, granted that this would give a higher class of play, might not the manager object on the score of expense?"

"No, it is the excellence of the smaller parts that make a good play. Small streams make big rivers. The days of the star-plays are nearly over, and I'm glad of it. It was a vicious system."

"Do you think it is a mistake to write a play to suit a particular company?"

"Yes, a very grave one. If you do that the manager you have in view has you in his power. He knows your play is totally unsuited for any other company than his own, and he can impose any kind of conditions. No, if your play is good, any manager will take it, even if he has to engage an entirely new company for it."

"I suppose you receive a lot of plays, with requests to read and criticise?"

"I used to and I shall tell you how I came to put a stop to that, so you can tell the readers of *The Mirror*. I wouldn't read a play now for any consideration whatever. Some time ago a lady sent me a three-act comedy and begged me to read it. I did so and in the second act I came across a scene which was identical in almost every particular with one I had written in a new play I was then engaged upon. I sent the lady her play back and tore up what I had written of mine. Since that time I have refused all express packages that I suspect to be plays."

"Who do you consider the best playwrights America possesses to day?"

"Bronson Howard, Henry C. De Mille, William Gillette, Sydney Rosenthal, Clay Greene and William Young."

"And the best representative American plays?"

"*Held by the Enemy*, *The Senator*, *Blue Jeans*, *The Wife*, *Men and Women*, *The Henrietta*, *The Banker's Daughter*, *The Charity Ball*, *Victor Durand* and *Shenandoah*. The third act of *Men and Women* is a credit to Mr. De Mille."

"So you are hopeful for the future of the American drama?" said the *Mirror* reporter, rising to take his leave.

"Yes, I am. We have a rising and ever-increasing school of dramatists. We have scores of excellent actors and we have handsomer playhouses than any other country in the world."

"One question more. What do you think of E. S. Willard?"

"In ten years from now Mr. Willard will be the greatest actor on the English-speaking stage."

INVALUABLE.

Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald, Jan. 15.

Since the admission of essays on the drama and all of its tributary relations *The Mirror* has indeed become invaluable to the intelligent actor and to every follower of the stage and its work.

WASHINGTON AMATEURS.

The amateur event last week in Washington was a burlesque of *L'Africaine* by society amateurs at Lincoln Music Hall, Jan. 10. Mrs. Charles S. Whelan, of Philadelphia, who possesses a rich contralto voice, and acts well, was the Selika. Margaret Elliott, also of Philadelphia, was charming as Inez. Pierre Stevens as Vaseo and Paul Hunt as Chimpanzee were especially clever.

Baron Beck Friis was Vaseo's attendant. Mr. R. L. Keeling, of Baltimore, was the King of Portugal. The rest of the cast and the chorus were leading society young people. The Marquis Imperiali and Mr. Van Rensselaer were first violins of the orchestra.

The performance was very amusing and enjoyable, and the costumes and scenery beautiful, altogether reflecting great credit on all concerned. The Miles Hunt, daughters of the late William Morris Hunt, were especially energetic, in fact, the prime movers, giving up weeks of time and personal attention to rehearsals and all details.

The performance was for the benefit of the Home for Incurables. All society was there. About \$2,000 was realized.

COURT OF THE TOWN.

The Opera House at Ford City, five miles south of Kittanning, Pa., was burned on Sunday morning, Jan. 18, at 2 o'clock. It was a handsome three-story brick building erected two years ago by the Pittsburgh Plate-Glass Company at a cost of \$50,000. The Opera House occupied the second and third floors, while the first was taken up with a billiard parlor and bowling alley. It was managed by Major R. P. Finney, who had some excellent attractions booked for the rest of the season. The building was fully insured and will be rebuilt at once. The Opera House will be much larger and finer than ever. It is thought the fire originated from natural gas, which is used for heating purposes.

HERMANN'S TRANSLATIONS disbanded at Peoria, Ill., Jan. 17. It is claimed that high salaries were the cause, the acrobats having received \$200 a week. Harry Kennedy, the ventriloquist, \$200, Flora Moore the same, and others in proportion. It was a high-class vaudeville company, having nothing but the cream of that class of performers.

The third of the series of Harry Pepper's ballad concert will take place at Hardman Hall on Feb. 12.

CHARLES E. ROE is arranging for a production of Leopold Jordan's musical farce-comedy, *Topsy Turvy*.

WRIGHT HUNTINGTON and Florida Kingsley have resigned from the Katie Emmett company. Mr. Huntington was disengaged only for half an hour, having been secured almost immediately for the leading part in *Storm Beaten*.

C. SADIKI HI HARDMANN sends word that the performance of *A Japanese Romance* will not take place, as he is seriously ill with nervous prostration, and will be unable to leave the hospital, where he is under treatment, for several months.

VILLE AKERSTROM was taken ill in Meriden, Conn., after the audience had assembled. She was unable to go on and the house was dismissed. Miss Akerstrom expected to resume last week, but had a relapse and was compelled to remain at the Winthrop, in Meriden. Manager Charvat writes that she expects to appear again shortly, however.

The Cincinnati papers say that in *The Plunger* the Byrons have found a first-class comedy that gives them ample scope for their abilities.

CHARLES A. GARDNER's new play has been christened Captain Karl, and work has already begun on the production. Manager Sidney R. Ellis states that the costumes will be novel and picturesque, while the effects will be striking. In a word he claims that the production will be the finest Mr. Gardner has ever undertaken.

Two benefits were given for the Actors' Fund last Thursday afternoon, one at Philadelphia and the other at St. Louis. The Philadelphia benefit took place at the Chestnut Street Opera House, and netted \$2,000, while the other St. Louis affair was given at the Olympic, and added \$400 to the Fund's treasury.

MARY CALVIE has gone to Boston to attend the Conservatory of Music there. She is studying the violin, and also has aspirations for an operatic career.

HARRIET FORD has made a positive hit in her part in *The Inspector*. The play has been revised and altered somewhat, and a love scene has been written in for Miss Ford's benefit.

MERIAM BROOKS has been engaged for the Lyceum stock company.

R. N. HICKMAN has been engaged by Charles Frohman for next season.

GIORGIO ELI has joined the Bennett Comedy company, replacing Howard Tills.

The benefit for the widow of Charles T. White, of Harrigan's company, which took place last Thursday afternoon, at Harrigan's Theatre, netted the beneficiary about \$700.

SELENA FEATHER and John E. Kellard will sustain the principal characters in the production of *Only a Farmer's Daughter*, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in February.

GEORGE WILSON'S MINSTRELS played to S. R. O. in New Canaan, Conn., on the 20th, although the ministers of the principal churches there had launched their thunders against minstrel shows a short time previously. People are getting used to doing their own thinking—in Connecticut as elsewhere.

EDWARD J. ABRAHAM writes that our Philadelphia correspondent's description of the business done by Lewis Morrison in *Faust* at the People's as being "good," was not strictly accurate. "Mr. Morrison last week played to the largest business by over \$100 in the entire history of the People's Theatre," protests Mr. Abraham.

The last number of *The Dramatic Times* appeared in a striking terra-cotta cover, and presented an excellent picture of Harrigan's Theatre. Under E. S. Bettelheim's enterprising editorship this journal is showing marked improvement.

opera matinee in to large business; evening at King's Pool to a small audience. Advanced prices was the cause of the slim attendance, but the few who heard the co. were especially delighted with the work of Misses Selby and Padelford. Frank Jones gave an unsatisfactory performance of *Country Cousin*.

WACO. — **GARLAND OPERA HOUSE:** Comrie's Comic Opera co. in *Gypsy Baron* to a good house. Performance fair. The *Stowaway* to good business. Primrose and West to the largest house of the season and best minstrel performance. Lew Dockstader in his local hits brought down the house. J. Melville Janson and John Queen were also repeatedly applauded.

TAYLOR. — **OPERA HOUSE:** Hettie Bernard-Chase to fair house 17.

GALVESTON. — **THE MOST OPERA HOUSE:** Mandie stranger made her first appearance here 12, and aided by an efficient co. creditably presented inherited to a fair audience. Primrose and West's Minstrels 21 were favored with the usual big business accorded to the high-class minstrel co. of today. Their performance was excellent and well up to the present standard in this field of amusement. Frank Jones inflicted a so called comedy entitled *Our Country Cousin* on a limited and exceedingly dissatisfied audience 11. A whited performance throughout. A treat was offered our attractions by Frederick Ward and Mrs. D. P. Bowser, who appeared in *Macbeth*, *Virginia*, and *Henry VIII*, 18. It is to be regretted that the attendance was not wholly commensurate with the superior merits of this attraction, business having been but little better than fair. The supporting co. is com. silent. — **ITEMS:** George Primrose left this city for New Orleans after his troupe's engagement here, but expects to return at San Antonio. — **W. H. West**, whose absence was caused by the illness and subsequent death of his wife, will join the troupe at Hot Springs. Sigmund Kursiaw, the ex-treasurer of the Comrie's Opera co., is still at the hospital, but is convalescing.

PALESTINE. — **THE MILLE OPERA HOUSE:** Mine Januschek in *Macbeth* to a poor house. Frank Jones in *Country Cousin* to a good house.

UTAH.

OGDEN. — **GRAND OPERA HOUSE:** Boston Howard Athenaeum co. to a crowded house 14. *Natural Gas* did a fair business 15-17.

SALT LAKE CITY. — **SALT LAKE THEATRE:** Donnelly and Laird in *Natural Gas* did a large business 12-13. They have a good co. and give a good show. The *Howard Athenaeum* 14-15, followed the week to fair business. — **ITEMS:** C. M. of comedies out **THEATRE** and open **PREVIEW** of **FRANKLIN AVENUE** — **ITEMS:** Good bus. continues. THESE plays are out for a family theatre and museum on Richards Avenue, a new street just being opened through the block south of the Mormon Temple.

VERMONT.

BURLINGTON. — **HOWARD OPERA HOUSE:** Cleveland's Magnificent Minstrels 21 to a large house.

VIRGINIA.

PETERSBURG. — **ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Siberians to a good house 14.

ROANOKE. — **OPERA HOUSE:** Old Homestead to a large house at advanced prices. Sprague's Social Session returned 20 to a large house. His band and orchestra are the finest ever heard here.

LYNCHBURG. — **OPERA HOUSE:** The Old Homestead to S. R. O. 17. Receipts \$600. This despite a severe snowstorm. Beacon Lights to a small but well-pleased audience 20.

DANVILLE. — **ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** McCabe and Young's Colored Minstrels played to a top-heavy house 12. A Social Session to good business.

STAUNTON. — **OPERA HOUSE:** A Social Session to a good house 12. Kate Claxton and Charles Stevenson presented *The Two Orphans* to a fine house. The play was finely presented, and Miss Claxton, Miss Croly and Mr. Stevenson received numerous recalls. The Marie Greenwood Comic Opera co. gave *The Hermit* to S. R. O. The co. is a good one. The various solos were acceptable, while the choruses were rendered with a spirit and precision unequalled if equalled by those of any co. that has been here in the last ten years. The large audience testified their appreciation by numerous recalls. — **ITEMS:** The orchestra of A Social Session co. played the audience out with *The Star Spangled Banner*, as advocated by *THE MIRROR*. — Manager Olivier has presented our amusement-loving people with an unusual number of first-class attractions, and has been rewarded with uniformly good houses, the season so far being the best we have had for years.

ROANOKE. — **ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Kate Claxton 12; fair business. Old Homestead 21, 22 to the largest houses of this season. Henrietta 21 to S. R. O.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING. — **OPERA HOUSE:** Stetson's U. T. C. 27 to S. R. O. Mrs. Scott-Siddons 28, delighted a very critical audience. — **GRAND OPERA HOUSE:** Silver Bird 27, with Daisy Beverly as the star, to very good business.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE. — **DAVIDSON:** Faust Up to Date 27-28 to moderate business. Kate Castleton's singing is one of the principal features. Her rendition of that pretty song, *The Spider and the Fly*, was enthusiastically received. The rest of the co. is excellent. Pretty Little Ade Melrose made a decided hit, and her work well merits all the applause she received. John G. Hall sustained the part of Mephisto in a very satisfactory manner. Agnes Huntington's Opera co. opened week of 10 to good business. Paul Jones gave by far the unusual strength. Miss Huntington is refreshingly natural in the part of Paul Jones, not appearing at any time to forget the role she is assuming. Hallan McEvoy as Bonnibaisse, the old smuggler, is a comedian of the highest order, and his efforts were enthusiastically applauded. The costumes are rich and bright and the scenes new and appropriate. Shenandoah 29-30. — **ITEMS:** Under the sunlight 29-30 attracted small but top-heavy houses. Paul Kanvar 29-30. — **ITEM:** The Great Metropolis 29 to good houses. The co. with one or two exceptions, is a capable one. — **STANDARD:** Arizona Joe in *Wild Violets* 29-30 to good business. — **ITEMS:** Ted Marks arrived in the city 29, and soon after lithographs were to be seen in every window. Willard Lee closed with Great Metropolis 29 and will star in the Silver King on the Pacific coast. Mr. Wolff has succeeded him as Walter Mowbray. Camille Cleve land was seriously hurt by falling from the ship in the fourth act of *The Great Metropolis*. — **W. M. Malern:** property man of *The Great Metropolis*, was taken ill and will return to his home in Seattle. A purse of \$100 was raised by the co. to defray his expenses on the trip. Willard Lee will care for him on the journey.

MADISON. — **PULLER OPERA HOUSE:** The Great Metropolis 29 to good business. Kate Castleton in *Faust Up to Date* to a full house 17. Audience well pleased. — **ITEM:** Willard Lee will leave *The Great Metropolis* co. soon and star in *The Silver King*, opening at Portland, Ore. Later his co. will produce *Undine* the Water Queen.

POND DU LAC. — **CRESCENT OPERA HOUSE:** Briscoe's *Battle of Gettysburg* 17, afternoon and evening to fair houses.

ASHLAND. — **GRAND OPERA HOUSE:** James H. Brown's *Theatre* 20 to crowded houses week of 12. Performance good.

CANADA.

TORONTO. — **GRAND OPERA HOUSE:** The Return of the Sea week of 12 to 20, with business. — **ITEMS:** *Rapid Train* week of 12-17 to poor business. — **TOURIST OPERA HOUSE:** John A. Stevens in *Wife for Wife* did a good business week of 12-17. This was the first appearance of Mr. Stevens in Toronto for about nine years. J. H. Wallack week of 12-17. — **ROBINSON'S MUSEUM THEATRE:** Large business continues at this house. Mr. Robinson's enterprise deserves success, as he has fulfilled his promises to the public.

CHATTHAM. — **GRAND OPERA HOUSE:** Theatrical business here is picking up again. William Redmond, at his first appearance here, had a good house 17, when his co. gave a fine performance of *Macbeth*. — **ITEM:** Manager Jacques, with his usual energy, has been making more improvements by making a separate ticket office for the galleries.

and a new system of numbering tickets in the house, so that even outside of reserving seats, any person can be accommodated with choice of seat from the ticket office. A good orchestra is now constantly in attendance.

HALIFAX. — **ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Lyle's co. presented *Hands Across the Sea* 11 and week to packed houses, people being turned away the first three evenings. The piece has made the greatest success of any play produced in years. James L. Edwards as Jack Dudley, W. H. Lyle as Tom Bassett, Carl Smith as Jean DeLusine, and Miss Alberta as Lillian bore off the honors. The stage setting was very handsome, seven new scenes having been painted. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Streets of New York*, and *Flying Dutch* as close the engagement. The co. will visit St. John's, Quebec, Montreal, and upper provinces.

BROCKVILLE. — **GRAND OPERA HOUSE:** Brockville Amateur Minstrels 21 to the largest house of the season. Performance excellent. *Zoo* 20 to fair business. — **ITEM:** The amateur minstrels have received offers from out-of-town managers for performances, which will probably be accepted.

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